THE

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AUTUMNAL TIME.

BY C. L. S.

The year grows splendid. On the mountain steep
Now lingers long the warm and glorious light,
Dying, by slow degrees, into the deep
Delicious night.

The final triumph of the perfect year,
Rises the woods' magnificent array;
Beyond, the purple mountain heights appear,
And slope away.

The elm, with musical, slow motion, laves
His long, lithe branches in the tender air;
While from his top the gay Bordello waves
Her scarlet hair.

Where Spring first bid her violets, 'neath the fern;
Where Summer's fingers ope'd, fold after fold,
The odorous, wild, red rose's heart—now burn
The leaves of gold.

The loftiest hill, the lowliest flowering herb,
The fairest fruit of season and of clime,
All wear alike the mood of the superb
Autumnal time.

Now nature pours her last and noblest wine;
Like some Bacchant beside the singing streams
Reclines the enchanted Day, wrapt in Divine,
Impassioned dreams.

But where the painted leaves are falling fast,
Among the vales, beyond the farthest hill,
There sits a shadow dim, and sad, and vast,
And lingers still.

And still we hear a voice among the hills,
A voice that mourns among the haunted woods;
And the deep mystery of its sorrow fills
The solitudes.

For while gay Autumn gilds the fruit and leaf,
And doth her fairest festal garment wear,
Lo! Time, all noiseless, in his mighty sheaf,
Binds up the year.

The mighty sheaf which never is unbound;
The reaper whom our souls beseech in vain,
The loved lost years that never may be found
Or loved again.

While the main body of the Sepoys were straggling past, Agwak saw the officer lean forward and downward and look into the carriage.

DOWLAH, THE SNAKE-CHARMER!

OR,

THE MAID OF CAWNPOOR!

A Mystery of India, beyond the Ganges.

BY ORPHINIA R. CHARNOCK.

[This serial was commenced in No. 6, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER VIII.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call. —*Scott.*

Agwak did not spare the horses although the day was a warm one, and they needed rest. Acting upon his advice, Cora had shut down the slides at the side of the carriage, and had leaned as far back as possible upon the back seat, so as to avoid the staring gaze of those whom they met every few minutes. By and by, however, the stifling heat in the small space became unbearable, and she ventured to raise the slide upon her right, in the hope of securing some relief. Little was afforded, for the dust streamed in and almost choked her, while the dead heat was unrelieved by the slightest breeze, excepting that which was created by their own forward motion, and it seemed to her as if she would be overcome and faint away. She was about to call the driver, entreating that he would moderate the speed somewhat, when they suddenly came beneath the shade of a grove of palm trees that extended for several hundred yards along the road.

As Agwak reined up his horses at the same time, the relief was almost inexpressible, and running up the other slide, Cora gave a sigh of relief, and thrusting out her head, called out her thanks to her friend. The words had hardly escaped her, when he leaned to one side, and reaching his black, grimy face as far around as possible, called:

"Keep out of sight, speak not a word, show not your face, for Nana Sahib's men are close at hand."

Cora needed not this warning, for during the second when she was given a glimpse of the road in front, she had caught sight of a number of men coming up the road. They were partly hidden by the dust, but she saw enough to know that they were Sepoys, and that several leaders were riding at their head upon horseback. With a gasp of terror she sank down in her seat believing that all was over; but knowing by what a narrow chance one's life is saved at such a crisis, and recalling the hasty warning of the driver, she leaned back as far as she could, and awaited the terrible moment of discovery.

Agwak had remained halted for less than a minute when the leaders were so close, that he raised his head and made a not ungraceful military salute. The haughty Sepoys did not return it, and two of them scarcely more than glanced at the vehicle standing beside the road, which was precisely what the driver wished, and what he would like to have seen the third do; but this traitor was younger than the others and disposed to be more inquisitive. Drawing his horse to one side so as not to check the men by his stoppage, he demanded in the language of Hindoostan:

"Who are you that intercepts the soldiers of Nana Sahib on the highway?"

"I am Agwak, a Sepoy like yourself, and a faithful subject of the Mogul Empire, whose king, Mahomed Suraj-oodeen Shah Gharzee, sits upon the silver throne at Delhi."

This was rather a pretty and patriotic reply, considered from Nana Sahib's standpoint, and the speaker acted as if it were the proper countersign that entitled him to pass without further questioning; but the young officer deemed otherwise, and with his horse standing in such a position that Cora could plainly see its head and mane, he kept up his running fire of questions.

"Why fare you on the road at this time of day?"

"I am on an errand for my master, Huraj-al-shed, who wields his sword for his king among the soldiers before Lucknow."

"Have you any one in the carriage?" asked the horseman, leaning forward and seeking to peer into the vehicle, where the trembling Cora sat, believing that every moment was to be her last.

"I have the daughter of Huraj-al-shed, who is sick and in sore distress, and with whom I am hastening to her home, where I fear she will soon die."

This was uttered with the coolness and apparent sincerity of the veteran liar, and while the main body of the Sepoys were straggling past, while speaking, Agwak saw the officer lean forward and downward and look into the carriage. One glimpse of the face of the occupant, and the deception would be discovered, with the tigerish thirst for blood, which always characterized these people, they would not only be certain to rend the gentle being to pieces, but they would make mince-meat of the one who had attempted the trick upon them. In spite, therefore, of the immobile face of Agwak, it may well be suspected that there was a tumult in his heart, as he watched the proceeding of the officer.

Fortunately, at this juncture, Cora was leaning back in the seat, with her darkly-gloved hands covering her face, so that not the slightest glimpse of the hue of her skin could be seen, and the inquirer was none the wiser for his attempted pursuit of knowledge. The girl heard the words, and although unable to comprehend a syllable, she was as certain that they concerned her as if they had been uttered in English, with the curiosity to be expected in one of her sex, she held two of her fingers parted in such a manner that she could look out and see what was going on.

Beneath the dusty neck of the horse she saw the grimy fiend-like faces, as they moved by in hurried procession, some of them glancing toward the carriage, in that mechanical way, which showed that they felt little curiosity or interest. Then while she was staring in her terrified way, praying that as the forms came to view before her, each might be the last, the features of the officer suddenly appeared within a few inches of the slide, and a faint gasp of terror escaped her at the sight.

It was a frightful countenance indeed. The huge proboscis-like nose had been split by a sabre stroke, and the wound was only partly healed. There was high cheek bones, cadaverous sunken cheeks, the long, white carnivorous teeth that were always glittering in sight, and a pair of eyes that were not only of the most intense blackness, but seemed to possess a hue peculiar their own—a blood red color, not such as is seen when the ball is blood-shot, but which appeared to be within and a part of the iris itself. Over this diabolical countenance, striped with dust and perspiration, was cast an expression of eager, yearning, thirsty inquiry.

For several seconds the face remained stationary, during which Cora sat like the bird charmed and transfixed by the serpent. She could not remove her gaze, nor did she stir the gloved fingers between which she was gazing. A sort of instinctive knowledge told her that it would be certain death to move her hands, and yet she felt that she must do so. It was as if the muscles rose in rebellion against her will, and refused to be controlled. At this critical moment the officer straightened up, and the haunting vision disappeared, although she could see that the Sepoys were still straggling by, but fearful of trusting herself to go through the same ordeal, she leaned her head forward, holding it down, with the backs of her hands pressing her knees, in which position she remained, until her hearing told her that the foot soldiers were at last gone by.

But she dreaded the horsemen more than all the others, and she scarcely dared to stir, so long as she heard their voices in converse. Some strange suspicion seemed to fill the Sepoy officer, and Agwak began to believe that an encounter of some kind was inevitable. He saw, therefore, with some relief the last of the foot soldiers pass by, for there was a prospect that if compelled to come in collision with but a single person, he might be the fortunate one in the fight, while there was not the remotest hope in case the discovery should come sooner.

"Where has the daughter of Huraj-al-shed been that she should be returning in such haste during the heat of the day, instead of waiting until the cool shadows of the evening?"

"She has been at the home of her sister, who dwells in Purgoa, and there is impatience and anxiety for her at home."

The reply appeared to convince the officer that he was acting in an unwarranted manner, and his mind was unable to frame a suitable pretext for remaining longer and continuing his questions, but at the same time, it was plain that his suspicions were not entirely removed.

In the meantime, Agwak glanced stealthily at the Sepoys; the rear of the column was now only a hundred yards distant, and would soon be out of sight altogether, while at the same time, he reached one hand cautiously beneath his coat and laid it upon the handle of his revolver.

All at once, the horseman returned the salute which had been made him upon their first meeting, and rode ahead toward the foot soldiers, as if he had dismissed all other thoughts from his mind, and Agwak, inexpressibly relieved started the carriage forward in the opposite direction; but he was not free from alarm and misgiving by any means.

"We shall see more of that man," he said to himself, as he continued steadily to increase the gait at which the horses were proceeding. "I don't know why it is, but he believes that some trick has been played on him, and he means to find out. I wish I were well rid of him."

As it was still early in the day, and the sun shone with undiminished fervor, great caution was needed upon the part of the driver lest he should urge the horses beyond their strength. As for himself, he seemed invulnerable. He never once removed the short close-fitting coat, which would have served him as well among the snowy heights of the Himmalayas; nor did the black shining face show a single drop of trickling moisture, as he sat under the full glare of the merciless sun that taxed the endurance of her of another race, (even though protected by shelter,) to its utmost.

CHAPTER IX.

"Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew;
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gae me her promise true."

Agwak found little time to bestow attention upon his charge, when he was in constant expectation of danger. He encountered many others upon the road, and not a few showed troublesome curiosity to understand who it was he had in the carriage, or why it was he was making such haste forward; but the wily fellow deceived them all. Sometimes it was by an assumption of bravado, and a pretense that he was bearing some important personage forward, and that whoever delayed him did so at the risk of bringing serious trouble upon himself, and then he fell back upon his original pretext, that it was an invalid daughter of a well-known Sepoy official, who had sent him in haste for her, and thus by using either pretext, he was allowed to continue his journey forward with scarcely any diminution of speed.

Cora was now rapidly nearing Cawnpoor, and Agwak, in answer to her inquiries, told her that if unmolested they would reach it by the set of to-morrow's sun. As they advanced, signs of military preparations were to be seen every hour, and any one acquainted with such matters, would have known they were nearing a camp of armed men. Nearly every one whom they encountered carried a musket; many had revolvers shoved in the huge sashes that were tied around their waists, and once or twice numbers of men could be seen in the open fields drilling and going through different military manœuvres.

Still there seemed to be no *surveillance*, such as is customary in the neighborhood of armed forces. It may have been that Nana Sahib and his officers did not consider it possible that any serious danger in the rear threatened him. He was so far removed from the European stronghold, the meeting by this time had become so complete, and his scouts kept him so well informed of the movements of General Havelock and his other enemies, that he could afford to relax security, where other commanders would have been severely strict and cautious.

Cora Wilson, by this time, was fully alive to the perilous situation in which she was placed, and, as she sat in the carriage cowering back in her seat, she was shudderingly contemplating the end of all this—not as it might be seen in the far future, but as it was visible within the coming twenty-four hours.

How was the night, now so near at hand, to be spent? She could not remain in the carriage, and although she might veil her face as she came forth, yet her dress would reveal her race to whosoever should chance to see it, and she needed not to be told that she was now in a region where no European would be permitted to live an hour, after being known. It was hard for her to decide whether it was safer to go forward than backwards.

She seemed to be approaching what might be termed the focus of danger, and were the distance over which she had come much less, she would have retreated; but as she reflected upon the many long hundreds of miles over which she had come by steamboat, railroad and in her carriage, of the suspicion that had marked her journey for the last three or four days, she knew that this had been deepening and widening, and that it was utterly out of the power of Agwak to take her back in safety over the ground that they had traversed together.

Her position was sad and distressing enough without the anguish of reflecting that all this had come upon her through her disregard of the advice of her lover; but even when her brain was on the rack, in devising some means of possible escape, this recollection would come to her, and add to her mental anguish that now seemed greater than she could bear.

"Ah! Ned, my beloved!" she exclaimed, in the bitterness of her spirit, "it seems a hard punishment to receive, but I have brought it all upon myself."

The carriage was now proceeding at a very slow rate, and shrinking back, as far as possible, the girl glanced furtively out of the sides, at the shadowy figures that were constantly flitting back and forth.

There seemed to be no element lacking to make her situation as terrible as possible when anything like a lull or quiet came over her spirit. She was startled into a gasp of terror by the sound of shouts so close at hand, that she was sure they were made by those who had discovered her identity, and who were rushing forward to kill her.

Then in a few minutes came the rattle of musketry, and her excited imagination brought to her ears the dying shouts of the victims. Everything was activity, stir, and bustle; the Sepoys and natives were in the wildest state of excitement, and infuriated because in wandering hither and thither they could find none of the hated race upon whom to wreak their vengeance. Could a European soldier have fallen down among these creatures, it would have been like tossing a piece of meat to famishing beasts. They would have rended each other in their eagerness as to who should be the first to tear him to pieces.

The indescribable peril of Cora Wilson was greatly increased by her sex, as it was the custom of these fiends to perpetrate the most diabolical outrages upon the females who fell into their hands, before relieving their sufferings by death.

Cora had observed that, for some time past, Agwak had been picking his way along by aid of the moonlight, now almost as bright as day, and which she dreaded scarcely less. She was still trembling, and looking in terror from right to left, when the motion of the vehicle suddenly ceased, and Agwak at the same instant jerked the side door open.

"Come, quick," he said, in a hurried voice, "there is a chance of life, and it must be improved at once."

Cora did not stop to question, but stepped instantly out of the carriage, concealing her traveling-bag as well as she could under her cloak. The Sepoy left the two horses standing where they were, liable to be stolen or to run away during his absence, and directing his charge to follow him, walked hurriedly about a dozen steps to the right, and throwing open the door of a house, entered.

The building was a small bamboo structure, consisting simply of one lower and one upper room, the floor of the former being nothing but the hard, smooth earth. Several openings at the side admitted enough moonlight to afford a good view of the interior, and she saw a species of ladder made of cane, at one side of the lower room, leading into the upper. Not a particle of furniture of any kind was to be seen, and she concluded that her guide must have known it was empty before he came in.

Nevertheless he approached the ladder, and ascending a couple of steps, so that his head came on a level with the opening above, he called something once or twice in his own language, and receiving no response, stepped back beside the trembling Cora.

"Nobody is here. You will go up there and wait for me."

"But will nobody come?" she asked.

"I think not; but we can do no better. It is the only place that affords any chance at all. I have driven much faster than I intended, and we are now close to the town of Cawnpoor, with the Sepoys swarming all around us. There is little hope for either of us, for here I will be known as one of the converts of Sahib Dickson, and will be put to death. If I can escape I will watch over you as best I can. Tarry not, for the carriage in the road is likely to be seen and noticed."

Impressed with the imminence of danger, Cora said good-bye, and then hastened up the bamboo ladder, while Agwak hastened out to the waiting vehicle, leaped upon the seat in front, caught up the reins, and dashed away.

The fair fugitive, after reaching the upper room, paused to survey what might be termed her prison quarters. A glance was sufficient. It was about ten feet square, and as free from furniture as the lower, with the exception of a single curiously-fashioned chair standing in one corner.

There were openings in the side, small and octagonal in shape, showing they had been cut for the purpose of admitting light, but the roof, as far as she could judge, was water-proof. The floor was ingeniously woven in such a way, that, as she stepped upon it, it sank down several inches, threatening to give way altogether, but it was strong enough to bear several times her weight without yielding.

Cora made her way to one of the openings, from which she cautiously peered out to see the direction taken by Agwak, and to learn all that was possible to learn about her surroundings and her situation.

The carriage in which she had come was just vanishing from sight in a cloud of dust of its own raising, and she could just discern here and there shadowy figures moving along in different directions. There were enough of these to preclude the idea of her being in any solitary or out of the way place, where she was not likely to receive visitors. Agwak had told her that they were close upon Cawnpoor, which she had learned was in a state of siege by Nana Sahib, and it was fair to suppose that, so long as they were kept at a distance by General Wheeler, they would employ their leisure time in the best manner possible to gratify their thirst for blood, by hunting out those against whose lives a pretext could be made.

Carefully reconnoitering her own position, Cora found that on the right and left were a number of houses similar to her own, and, unless she was greatly mistaken, some of these had occupants. In front ran the highway.

In the distance she could catch glimpses of other houses, and the dark outlines of a forest were dimly discernible a quarter of a mile or more beyond the road, on the right, she fancied Cawnpoor lay. It was too far away to be certain, but it seemed then that she could catch the misty outlines of mosques and temples, and there came to her through the night air the hum and noise peculiar to large cities.

"Can that be Cawnpoor?" she asked herself, when the dim and misty picture grew dimmer and mistier, from straining her eyes in looking so long towards it. "Can it be that that is the city which Nana Sahib of Bithoor has laid siege to, and where general Wheeler is uncertain whether he can keep him at bay or not? Agwak has told me all about it, and none should know better

than he. And Hattie and her husband! I wonder what has become of them? Were they caught in the toils, and slain, while looking for my coming, or are they safe? Pray Heaven they may be!"

There was little chance of [illegible] troubled with sound, or of time hanging heavily upon her hands. There was too much danger, turn her thoughts in whatever direction she chose, for her to fall into any reverie in which she could forget her surroundings. Besides, the latter continually impressed themselves upon her, for, when she had watched the flitting figures for some time, a body of men, numbering, at the least, several hundred, appeared in the road, marching in the direction taken by Agwak with the carriage.

After the passing of the Sepoys, matters became more quiet. As the night advanced Cora heard the sounds of shouting and firing again; so distinctly, indeed, that she looked in the direction whence they came expecting to see the flash of guns. The firing was desultory, as though it was something of the nature of skirmishing between the outlying forces, and it continued with more or less severity for several hours. Between these grosser sounds, the girl fancied she could hear another, a soft, flowing roar—that she judged must be made by the Ganges, as it swept by the city on its way to the pestiferous Sunderbands, nearly a thousand miles distant.

It was hours since Cora had tasted food or drink. For the former she cared comparatively little, but, in such a torrid country as India every person, especially when subjected to exertion, cannot long be rid of the tormenting sensation of thirst. She had suffered much on this account before, but time was too precious to spend in quenching it, and she had made no mention of her suffering to Agwak as they hurried into their little prison house; now the torturing yearning seemed to permeate her whole being, and she began to speculate upon the best means of obtaining something with which to quench the all-consuming thirst.

Great as was her desire for something to moisten her tongue, she was not yet prepared to venture forth, and risk her life, for the sake of obtaining it. So much time had already passed, she began to look for the appearance of Agwak; indeed his prolonged absence was another source of anxiety, so that her complication of miseries and wretchedness almost turned her brain.

Seated upon the floor in the upper apartment, which seemed to afford the best chance of safety; her head resting wearily against the light structure, she was looking out upon the moonlit panorama, with a wandering, absent air, that showed a mind wearied with the continual struggle.

Ah! how she had prayed that day, and many previous days! how she had asked that if it should come to a choice between death and capture she might be given the former, and now she sank into a state that was not slumber, but rather the "border-land" of sleep, in which she was not insensible to her surroundings—but in which they made less impression upon her than when awake.

All at once, there came stealing upon her ear the sound of music—soft, sweet, faint, but distinct. It was a human voice of marvelous sweetness and richness, and the air was the familiar one that had greeted her so many times before.

"Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew;
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie,
Gae me her promise true.
Gae me her promise true,
And dark blue was her eye.
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and dee."

CHAPTER X.

"Dark waves may close o'er the vision,
Storms drive me away from the shore;
But hope, like the lamp of a vestal,
Dies out in my soul no more."

With the subdued song still lingering in her ears, Cora Wilson, sitting in the bamboo structure, sank into a dreamless slumber which lasted for hours. She had undergone so much fatigue, anxiety and distress that she could resist no longer, and in spite of her frightful position, never roused herself to consciousness until the gray light of morning was stealing over the plain. Then she suddenly started up, and stared about her with the conviction that she must have been discovered while she slept. Her mouth was dry and parched, and she was like the thirsty traveler upon Sahara—willing to undergo any danger for the sake of securing a drink. She was alarmed at the non-appearance of Agwak, and determined by noon-tide she would venture forth in search of water. As death seemed inevitable, she felt that there was no call for her to prolong the torture; but while these thoughts were passing through her mind, she was keeping watch on the road in front, where the fine penetrating dust lay as thick as ever, and where it was already being stirred by the feet of passing pedestrians. Men and women could be seen at all times, and twice she saw a Sedan chair, carried on the shoulders of four lusty Asiatics, while the nabob leaned languidly back, smoking. Then a group of three elephants, ponderous and dirty, swung slouchingly along, their heads and bodies partly covered with gaudy oriental trappings, while the riders, sitting astride their necks, spear in hand, looked as immobile and dignified as the venerable traitor who sat upon the silver throne at Delhi, and believed that he was soon to see himself the ruler of the Mogul Empire, restored to all its magnificence and glory.

Cora was cautiously watching these figures passing before her, and doing her utmost to divert her mind from her own sufferings, when she was almost startled by the sight of Agwak, the faithful servant, approaching.

He was on foot, and was walking upon the opposite side of the road, and no one looking at him would have supposed that he was aware of the existence of the bamboo structure in which he had left his charge with instructions to await his return. Cora scanned his features narrowly, but not once did she see his black eyes turned toward her, and the reason for this caution was too manifest to cause her any misgiving.

Agwak walked a hundred yards beyond the house, when he abruptly wheeled about and started back again, and having satisfied himself that the hiding place could be approached in safety he resolved to go to her relief.

But it was ordered that such should not be the case. Agwak had scarcely turned to retrace his steps when some one shouted to him, and he paused and looked around. As he did so Cora saw a horseman galloping toward him.

Something in the appearance of the stranger seemed familiar, and as he drew near the heart of the girl misgave her as she saw the same Sepoy who had halted them upon the road the afternoon before, and who had proved so troublesome in his suspicious and inquiries.

He had undoubtedly attempted to follow them, but through some misdirance had lost the trail, and was still searching for the carriage when he thus accidentally caught sight of the driver. As Agwak recognized him he quietly thrust his hand beneath his coat in a way that ought to have excited the misgivings of the man galloping toward him.

Cora watched the actions of the two men with the horrid fascination of one who feels that he is upon the eve of wit, seeing [illegible] crime. She saw the Sepoy gallop forward upon his horse, checking him by a slight pressure of the rein, to where Agwak stood as immovable as a statue.

On the instant the two began an excited and apparently angry conversation. Both gesticulated violently, and Cora heard distinctly the clash of their voices as they spoke together. If one was a Mahommedan and the other a Christian, there was no difference in the vigor with which each could quarrel. All at once there was a sharp crash, and not one but both disputants had fired their pistols simultaneously.

The horseman gave out a sort of suppressed howl and then toppled over from his horse, limp and lifeless, while the startled animal dashed down the road with his bridle flying. Agwak stood motionless for full a minute, seemingly looking down to the ground immediately in front, and then made a start for the building from which Cora was watching his movements.

He took three steps, like a man who was drunk, and falling all in a heap, never stirred or breathed afterwards. The shots had been mutually fatal.

For several moments Cora was in doubt whether she was in the midst of a horrid dream, or a still more frightful reality. What was now to become of her? The only human friend in her danger had been suddenly shot down before her eyes, and she was left without a protector, and without knowing in what direction to find one. The stoutest heart might well dispair, for could situation be more helpless? How could she fight against cruel fate that had surrounded her upon every hand?

For the next few hours events passed before the eyes of the stricken girl, as they glide through the vision of one who is held in nightmare. She saw the crowd collect around the two inanimate bodies, which after a time were lifted and carried away. At one time she thought they would bring them into the house, and she cared not if they did; finally all moved on, and she was left comparatively alone again.

From this semi-unconscious condition she was recalled by the conviction, which came gradually, that her hiding-place had been discovered by one enemy at least. A tall, sinewy, swarthy-featured native Sepoy walked slowly by several times, and upon each occasion turned his head and looked sharply at the structure as if he held the strongest suspicions about it. Cora noticed that after passing he stared over his shoulder, and finally, as if all doubts had been removed from his own mind, he left the road.

For a moment he stood gazing intently; then glancing hurriedly around, as if to see whether his movements were watched, he suddenly drew back his hand and hurled something in the direction of Cora. It was contained in a very small compass, and was thrown with such wonderful accuracy that it shot through the small opening in front of the girl's face and fell with a soft thud on the opposite side of the room.

Without pausing to see the result of his effort, the Sepoy turned on his heel and sauntered away; while Cora, as soon as she could command her senses, picked up the pellet that had bounded back and lay near her feet, in the hope that it might throw some light upon the singular proceeding.

CHAPTER XI.

Come from the mount of the leopard, spouse,
Come from the den of the lion;
Come to the tent of thy shepherd spouse,
Come to the mountain of Zion.—*Song of Solomon.*

Cora Wilson had scarcely begun unfolding the tiny ball that had been thrown by the Sepoy through the small opening in the bamboo structure, when she recognized the handwriting of her lover, Captain Ned Livingston. The next moment she had refolded and read the following note:

CALCUTTA, June —, 1857.

DEAR CORA:—The bearer of this is a faithful Sepoy, although not at present serving in the army. He is called Dowlah, and is a snake-charmer. Out of friendship for me, he has started to Cawnpoor in order to befriend you. Trust him implicitly, for I know the stuff of which he is made. Keep a stout heart. I pray and trust that if this finds you in any personal danger you will be speedily extricated therefrom; and ever be assured of the unalterable love of your own

NED.

The poor girl did not notice that the outside wrapper of the small ball, which had been thrown into her room, contained script written by another hand. She saw only the familiar characters that had been traced by her lover, hundreds of miles away. She heard only his voice again, in tones of gentle remonstrance, as she persisted in the determination to make the dangerous voyage up the Ganges valley.

"How like my darling," she murmured, as her moistening eyes rested upon the little slip in her hand. "He tries to rouse my courage, and never once reproaches me for the trouble I have brought upon myself; dear Ned!"

For a few minutes she gave away to the new train of emotions, awakened by the latter occurrence, and her tears flowed fast; but while doing her utmost to regain control of herself, she observed that the outer wrapper contained some writing. She had no difficulty in deciphering the peculiar angular lettering:

"I am Dowlah, the Snake-Charmer. It is my hand that writes these words. I have seen Agwak, and he has told me where my lady lies concealed. I have seen the dead body of Agwak. I will take his place. My lady needs drink and food, she shall have both within an hour from now. Let her keep quiet and have patience; the servant of Mohammed will save her. Dowlah does this not for himself, for he has not looked upon her face, and cares for no one of her race, except Captain Livingston, for whom he will give his life, and for him he serves my lady."

The reading of these notes produced a wonderful reaction in the fugitive to whom life assumed a new and radiant aspect that it had never worn before. Despair gave away to hope, indifference to energy, and falling upon her knees, her beautiful lips moved in a prayer of thankfulness.

She was aroused by a slight rustling in the apartment below, and her heart gave a great bound. The next moment she saw by the agitation of the ladder that some one was ascending, and at the thought of a foe she looked furtively about for something with which to defend herself, but while she stood trembling and agitated the dark, turbaned head of a Sepoy appeared through the opening. For one moment an awful sinking dread shook her frame, but vanished quickly as she recognized the face of he who had thrown the writing—Dowlah, the Snake-Charmer.

He did not enter the apartment, but extending his hand, placed on the floor a jar of water and a small package of unleavened cakes, such as are common food in India among the lower classes.

"Remain here till night," said he, "be careful not to show yourself, and I will come and take you through Nana Sahib's lines into General Wheeler's entrenchments beyond Cawnpoor. Keep faith, and Ali will protect my lady."

Without another word, and without waiting to hear the reply of the girl, he sank down out of sight and disappeared. Cora looked through the opening which had served her so well, but he was not to be seen, and when she glanced through another he was still invisible, so she concluded he must have come and gone by a new route.

It was dreary enough waiting through the long and dreary day, but her situation now was infinitely preferable to what it had been. She found the few *chupatties* to be very nourishing, but the water, clear and pure, was like nectar to her parched throat, and infused new life and vigor into her whole being.

All day long she heard the sound of firing in the distance. Nana Sahib had at this time an army of four thousand pounding away at General Wheeler in his entrenchments, and the British, environed on every hand and fighting in defence of wives and children, defended their puny shelter with the desperation of despair.

There was scarcely a lull in the rattle of musketry and the occasional sound of cannon until nightfall, when silence fell upon the scene. Cora, in her hiding-place, had watched and slept by turns, but suffered no particular alarm. People were constantly passing to and fro; but not only her house, but those in the immediate vicinity, seemed shunned by all, as if they contained the seeds of a pestilence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OAKHALD," "TWICE WON," ETC.

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CHAPTER XVI.

JAIL BIRDS.

Mary Flax was a remarkable woman; remarkable for the strength of her will, and also her tenacity of purpose.

When Lady Lina brought her Mr. Carthen's gift that afternoon, she looked at the money with glittering eyes; but no sooner was Lina gone, than she put it by in a little box, with a few odd pence, and a fourpenny piece, already collected, locked it, and put the key in her pocket, saying to herself, with a triumphant air, "Every farthing they give me I will keep to help me hunt out my husband's murderer. The children shall live by my work, and a crust of bread will keep me in life, but the money that comes to me like this I may surely call my own. Though I am but a poor woman, his memory shall be righted in the sight of all, and the evil brought to light, before I rest a single second."

Mary's face seemed to shine with a passionate brightness as she said this, and her lips closed fast in a tight lock.

"It may be weary waiting, but my day will come at last. Ah, Joe Lay, if you did this thing, and others I could name helped you, woe betide you all! My heart is set upon having you, and letting it be seen how poor Jem perished by a cruel hand, not when he was lurking, as you would have it believed, but when he was doing his duty by his master, as an honest man should."

Long after her little ones were in bed, Mary worked on at her hems and seams. What if her eyes ached, and her sore, stiff fingers lagged a little, there were Jem's children to support, and Jem's death to avenge, so that there was no fear of her fainting.

The clock struck one.

Mary looked at it drearily, snuffed her candle, and worked on.

"At two," she said to herself, "I will give up, or I shall have no strength for to-morrow. And, after all, I shall do best by saving my strength a bit for the future."

At this minute little Mary sprang up in bed, shouting gleefully. "Fling me sky high, dadda—sky high!" and then fell back on the pillow again, with her sweet childish laugh dying off into sleep.

Mary glanced across at her, smiling, with closed eyes, in the shadow of her raven curls, and sighed. "Poor dear, she is dreaming of father, and fancies that he is tossing her, as he used to say, 'sky high.' How fond Jem was of little Mary, and how the child misses and asks for him! It is very sweet; and yet, sometimes I wish she could forget."

Half-past one.

"I am very weary," sighed the woman, "but there are only thirty minutes more to work; and, whilst I am complaining, one is gone. I'll try to think of the day when I shall see Jem's destroyer before the judge, and hear him pass sentence. That will spur me on. Hark!"

She almost fancied that there was a knock at the door.

"It can only be the wind. Who should come here at this hour?"

She paused, however, in her work, and listened. It was not the wind this time, assuredly, but a sound as if some one was tapping the door cautiously with his knuckles.

Mary rose at once.

Could it be Jem, after all—Jem, disgraced and fallen, unworthy of a welcome from the faithful wife, who had trusted him all through, but alive! If so, she would open to him, because he was the father of her children. "Who's there?" she asked, in a faint tone.

"It's me!"

Her heart gave a great bound, and then stood still. The voice was so disguised that it was impossible to tell who the visitor might be; therefore she hoped it was Jem.

Mary unfastened the door.

"You!" she exclaimed, with a flush of fire over the weary pallor of her face; and she was nearly closing it again, but suddenly relented.

"May I come in?"

"What do you want?"

"I want shelter for a while," he said, looking behind him anxiously, and whispering low.

"What's been the matter?"

"I will tell you when I get inside."

She allowed him to enter, and then she closed the door.

"Fasten it," he said, eagerly.

Some women would have quailed at the thought of being shut in, three helpless creatures, with a man whom they believed to have been a murderer, but Mary did not. Her heart was bitter with loathing, but she felt no fear.

"Now," she said, "I have bolted the door; so tell me what brought you here?"

"I thought it was the safest place in all the world to-night."

"Why?"

"Because no one would look for me in your cottage."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, I don't know," stammered Joe Lay. "You see, not being friends with your husband, they would think that I wasn't friends with you. Although, of course, that has nothing whatever to do with it."

"Nothing!" echoed Mary, her hand tight-clenched in the folds of her dress.

"But who is after you, Lay?"

"The keepers."

"What for?" she asked with an air of assumed innocence.

"Why me and a mate or two had set some traps in Lansdown Wood, and, when we went to look after them to-night, it seems as if the keepers had set a trap for us, too."

"That was clever."

"So it might have been," answered Joe, with a quick glance of suspicion into Mary's face; "but it wasn't pheasant, though."

"I expect not. They didn't mean to be particularly agreeable, I should say."

"They meant to catch us—that's what they meant."

"So I suppose; only they didn't succeed."

"We was too quick for them; but it was a pretty near thing. That brute of a dog caught right hold of Nat's leg."

"Oh, then, Nat was with you?"

"Well," replied Joe, looking confused, "it's no use denying of it, now the name has slipped out. But I didn't mean to tell on a mate."

"You seem very thick with those Greysomes just now?" said Mary, watching him furtively as she spoke.

"Well, you see, our tastes go together. Old Mark is a rare 'un for sport."

"So my husband used to say."

"Don't talk of him, Mary," said Joe, shivering.

"Talk of who?"

"Your husband," he answered, and shuddered again, passing it off by declaring that he was mortal cold.

"Why not?"

"Because it's no use, you know, and is very lowering to the spirits talking of such things. We might all be taken just as sudden, and it isn't a pretty thought, now, is it?"

"God is merciful!" said Mary, reverently. "He mostways gives us some kind of warning, if we only understood aright."

Joe moved uneasily in his seat, for he had drawn up a chair before the miserable remnant of a fire, and sat down. It was plain that he did not like this kind of conversation. He turned the subject by saying, "You won't tell what slipped from me about Nat, will you?"

"Oh, dear, no, but where is Nat?"

"Well," stammered Joe—who was ashamed to confess that he had left his companions in the lurch—"he's safe at home by this time, I dare say; but we got parted, somehow in the wood."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"I thought I'd hide here for a few hours, if you'd let me, and then I can run clean off."

"I fancied you were going to leave the parish days back, Joe."

"Well, I spoke of it, but I don't know how it is," and he looked reflectively into the expiring embers, moving them unconsciously with the toe of his boot, "there's something seems to hold me back always. I want to go, and some how, I can't. It isn't that I'm so over partial to the place, either, but it seems as if I must stop in it all the same. If they was to turn me out one end of the parish, I do believe I should creep in at the other."

"But you are going this morning, you say?"

"I think so; but it's just as likely as not I shall change my mind. And there's no call for me to absent myself; none of the keepers saw me last night."

"Why don't you make up your mind, one way or the other?"

"That's just the queer part of it—I can't."

He gave the embers another poke as he said this, and watched the few faint sparks that flickered out of the grayness, with a peculiar expression of moodiness.

"You wouldn't believe, perhaps, if I was to tell you, Mary, that twice I've got as far as Lansdown Point, and turned back again."

"What was that for?"

"I can't say, no more than you can. But it's odd when a man has some feeling inside him that won't let him go where he likes; now, isn't it?"

"It has almost the look as if your mind wasn't easy about something."

Joe laughed so boisterously, that little Mary, started in her sleep, and no doubt still dreaming of poor Flax, muttered softly, "Dadda!"

Joe choked down a curse this time.

"That's the worst of you women," he said, angrily. "There's no talking to you without your running off with all kinds of notions. Besides a little poaching—which isn't much account—I don't see what I should have on my mind."

"Nor I either, of course. I didn't mean that, Joe."

"Then what did you mean?"

His tone was rather suspicious; the sullen flash of his eye menacing. Mary Flax knew she had a villain to deal with, and was cautious. He was evidently talking because his heart was full of certain things; and never to breathe them became an effort beyond his strength.

Mary Flax was a weak, helpless woman, whom a glance or threat might silence; therefore, feeling the necessity of unburdening his mind, he chose her for his confidant. But he meant to say just as much as he was obliged, and no more.

Mary Flax hastened to atone for her indiscretion.

"You see," she said, in a conciliatory tone, "when folks have lived in one place for a time, they get partial to it. I think I should be a little like you myself, and hesitate a good while before I made up my mind to leave Lansdown."

"That's putting it in the right way," said Joe, drowsily. "You haven't got such a thing as a drop of beer in the house, now?" he added after a moment's pause.

"No," answered Mary, almost sternly.

"No spirits?"

"Look for yourself," she said, "there's some bread in the cupboard, and a mite of cheese, what I'd put by for the children's breakfasts; but no spirits."

"Very well, then, I suppose I must go without."

She almost feared that he would ask for the food, and that she should hear her children crying in the morning for what she could not give them; but he was not hungry, it seemed, for he said nothing more, and began to nod.

Mary sat and watched him with such feelings as Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite, may have had when she saw her enemy lying sleeping within her tent door. To her, as he leant over the grey embers, with his bleared visage on his breast, he was a revolting sight indeed.

She looked at his right hand and shuddered.

"It was that very hand killed my Jem," she said to herself. "I have a feeling, as I look at it, that it could be no other. Hush! what is that?"

She silenced even her breath in her eagerness, and brought the light close to him, shading it from his eyes with her handkerchief.

She drew back, faint with horror. He had unfastened his coat, unconsciously, no doubt; and on the lining there was a large spot of blood, as if a red hand had grasped him convulsively in the agonies of death.

Mary felt herself turn sick and cold. She had no doubt now, in her own mind, that he had done the deed.

"And when he wakes and finds that he has been sleeping like this, he will kill me too," she thought. "He knows that I should denounce him if I saw this proof; and what is one more crime to him? It could never be found out. No one saw him enter. He could creep out again in the darkness, and why should he be suspected more than any other?"

Then a sudden passion of fury swept over Mary's calm, strong nature, and a fiery temptation assailed her.

"Joe killed an enemy, and was justified," she said to herself. "This man has taken the life of my husband, and if he wakes he will take mine. Let him die!"

"Thou shalt not kill!"

This was the answer some inner voice made to her passionate malediction, and she grew suddenly calm, as if it had been the voice of some spirit from above.

She had been looking about for a weapon, for, in minutes of strong excitement like this, women of Mary's strong nature are stronger than men; but now she came back to the sleeping man's chair, and went softly down on her knees.

Her hands never once trembled, although she knew that if he roused and found her there he would kill her—as she gently drew his coat together. He moved his arm then, and seemed to be rousing. It was a supreme moment—it might be the last she had to live. Mute, pallid, yet calm, the brave woman gave her slumbering children one glance of adieu, then bowed low her head and prayed.

The peril passed. Joe settled into an easier position, and slept on.

Mary drew the coat together again, avoiding contact with the dark stain which seemed always to chain her fascinated gaze, fastened one button, and then rose softly to her feet, with a flickering smile on her white mouth. Then she lit another candle, and carried it to the other end of the room, lest the click of her needle should rouse her unwelcome visitor, and worked on, with an odd sense, somehow, as if by every stitch she was helping towards Joe's doom.

He slept heavily until about six o'clock, and then he got up, yawned, shivered, muttered a curse, and went to the door.

"I had better be off," he said. "It will be light in an hour or less. Didn't you say you'd got some bread in the cupboard?"

"There's just a little bit left for the children's breakfast."

"Give us that. You can easily get more—and I'm hungry."

"The shop doesn't open till eight."

"They can wait until then, can't they?"

"I suppose they must."

Joe flung two pennies down on the table.

"There," he said, with a coarse laugh, "give them those, and tell them you wanted the bread for their new papa."

So saying, he seized the bread, bit at it ravenously, and with a careless nod towards Mary, walked out.

"I really will go away this time," he said to himself, decidedly. "There's nothing going on; and though there's no proof of anything, that I need be scared, it's safest to be out of sight just now. I wonder whether old Mark was caught."

Joe was passing his door by this time, or the thought might not probably have suggested itself. He just peered in at the window, out of curiosity, and saw old Mark and his son sitting at breakfast by the light of a candle.

"When I get past the point, I shall feel more sure of myself," said Joe, to himself, as he walked on. "It's very odd that I always come to a stop just there."

Half an hour later, as old Mark, accompanied by Nat, was going to his work, who should he see but Joe, sitting triumphantly in the very centre of the Point, smoking his pipe.

"Halloa!" exclaimed old Mark, "I thought you were off this morning for certain."

"So I thought, too," answered Joe: "but somehow I changed my mind."

"What do you sit there for, anyhow?"

"Hush!" exclaimed Joe, looking about him, apprehensively. "It's to hide, you know, in case any one should pass by. The grass won't join properly, and it's odd, too, for there's been plenty of rain."

Nat had walked on, for his fancy for Joe had departed since that fatal night; and now that he had shown that he was a sneak as well as something worse, Nat, who had a high spirit, wanted to have as little to do with the other as possible.

"Halloa, Nat's lame!"

"So would you have been if you'd had a dog's teeth in your leg, I fancy," said old Mark, sharply.

"But hadn't he better lay up?"

"Why?"

"Because they'll know who it was if he doesn't."

"Nat will take care; he's got a good heart, he has; he only wants time now to ease himself; if he sees any one coming he'll be as straight as you are, never fear. But whatever happens, I daresay you'll make it all right for yourself; you seem to be clever that way. In fact, you're too clever, Joe Lay, so we'll try and do without your company for the future, and wishing you may always get off as easy as you did yesterday, here's a very good day to you for the last time of asking."

So saying, old Mark strode off, leaving Joe to smoke his pipe on Lansdown Point.

CHAPTER XVII.

TRYING HIS CHANCE.

Lady Clementina's evil suggestion was beginning to take effect. At first, Wilfred scouted the notion that he should ever pay court to Millicent Lowe, but gradually the idea gained hold of him, and became the burden of every thought.

He began to haunt the lanes whom he had been in the habit of seeing Millicent, but for a time his assiduity met with no reward. It seemed as if Milly was aware of his object, and was determined to defeat it.

At last, the opportunity he had sought so long, presented itself. Wilfred, strolling along at the edge of Lansdown Wood, with his gun over his shoulder and his dog at his heels, came suddenly upon Milly. She had a little basket on her arm, and just as he got up to her she happened to stumble slightly, and some of the contents fell on the ground. Wilfred sprang forward to pick them up, glad of such a chance of ingratiating himself with Milly, and was rewarded, perforce, with a gracious smile.

"Allow me to carry your basket," he said, with his eyes fixed tenderly on Milly's blushing face.

"I am only going to old Nanny's cottage, sir; and I can get on quite well."

"But you dropped your things just now."

"The road is so stony, sir."

"So it is likely to be all the way to Nanny's cottage."

"Thank you, sir; I would rather go alone."

Milly was not in the habit of talking to lords, but Wilfred was not particular; and he thought her little timid "sir," sounded so sweet. He kept at her side, in spite of her prohibition.

"Do you live at Lansdown all the year round?" inquired Lord Oakland, presently.

"Oh, yes, sir."

"You never go to town, then?"

"I go to Danford with papa, on market days, now and then."

"On market days!"

"It's so much gayer then, sir."

"But what a set!"

"We meet all our friends, sir."

"You shouldn't have such friends then, Miss Lowe."

She opened her great blue eyes upon him, inquiringly.

"You ought to marry a gentleman."

Milly laughed and blushed, and shook her head.

"I'd rather not, sir."

"Why?"

"I am not ambitious; I only want to be happy."

"And why shouldn't you be happy as a gentleman's wife?"

"He would be ashamed of me, sir."

"Ashamed of you?"

"I shouldn't know how to behave in such company as he would keep."

The young viscount laughed.

"You would soon learn all that it was necessary for you to know."

"Oh, but I shouldn't want to begin learning again," said Milly. "I had enough of that at school."

"Do you know, Miss Lowe, that it is quite a treat to meet with any one who is so refreshingly innocent as you are."

Milly was getting over her shyness by this time.

"Lord or no lord," said Milly, to herself, "if he chooses to treat me as an equal, it's an invitation to me to speak my mind."

A casual observer, like Lord Oakland, might see nothing under Milly's gray hood but a little round face, very pink and pretty, with a soft dimple at each corner of the sweet, fresh mouth; but those who knew her better could have told him that the girl had a shrewd little head of her own, and was not to be easily glamoured.

"He fancies I am only a simple country girl, and he can fool me as he likes," she thought; "so I'll keep on my guard."

Milly was mistaken, as it happened, for Wilfred was very much in earnest; but her little air of defiance might have been the most cherished art of a practised coquette, for the effect it had upon the young lord, who, expecting to find his compliments eagerly welcomed, found instead that they were accepted in a spirit of incredulous disdain.

This, of course, piqued his ardor. Milly glanced up at him, met his full glance, and looked amused.

"We ought to be innocent in the country," she said, speaking her mind, unconscious of epigram; "we see so few lords."

Either Milly was a most determined little flirt or the cleverest farmer's daughter. Lord Oakland felt as if it would be pleasant to know which of the two she really was.

"Are we such destructive creatures then?" he asked.

"Not in your proper place, I dare say," replied Milly, demurely.

"Which is our proper place?"

"Not here, sir."

"With you, you mean?"

Milly nodded her head in sagacious assent.

"Is it forbidden, then, for lords to speak quietly to any one but ladies?"

"It ought to be, if it isn't."

"But why?"

"I don't think you want me to explain, sir."

"Indeed, I do."

Milly was mute.

"I am waiting to be enlightened," said the young viscount, presently.

"Some country girls are so ignorant," answered Milly, blushing a little, "that they might possibly take your flatteries for earnest."

"And even if they did."

"Why that would disturb their minds, and make them look higher than they should, perhaps."

"You mean to infer that there is no fear of that with you?"

"Not the least in the world."

"What is your idea of a gentleman?"

"Being born one, and behaving like one."

"A good definition," replied Wilfred, laughing; and he wondered a little whether she meant to imply that by talking to her he was forfeiting some of his claim to the title. If that was what she intended to convey she was assuredly the most independent, impracticable and charming girl he had ever seen.

You see, Wilfred was not accustomed to candor, and its very rarity made it pleasant.

He walked on silently for a minute, in deep reflection.

Milly fancied she had offended him, and was not so sorry as she might have been under ordinary circumstances. However, his tone showed no annoyance, only eagerness, when he spoke next.

"You are very frank to other people, Miss Lowe; do you allow them to be equally frank with you."

"Of course, sir; that is only fair."

"Will you answer me one question then?"

"What is it?"

"I warn you I am going to be very impertinent."

"One would fancy, sir, that if you knew that you would stop yourself in time."

Decidedly, Milly was a match for any lord in the land. No duchess could have had more dignity. Perhaps this very consciousness, instead of checking the question on Wilfred's lips, hurried it. It was a shame for such a girl as this to throw herself away.

"Only that you see people can't always check their curiosity," Wilfred said, at last.

"Can't they?" answered Milly, opening her eyes wider than ever; "I thought they could."

"I can't."

"Then I am very sorry for you, sir."

"Your sympathy is so sweet, that I will even accept it on such terms. Only that I may as well warn you I mean to ask my question all the same."

"Then, I think, we may as well get it over, sir," replied Milly, demurely.

"You will think me awfully impertinent."

"So you said before."

"I wanted to ask if it was true that your engagement with young Benson was broken off."

Milly's face changed suddenly. The sweet lips began to quiver and tears came into the blue eyes.

"I don't know what right you have to ask me such a thing," she said, in a stifled voice, "and only from curiosity, too."

"Supposing I say that it is not from curiosity at all, but from a true interest I take in your fate, Miss Lowe?"

"Then I should not believe you, sir."

"Why not?"

"How should you take an interest in my fate, who know nothing of me?"

"Nay, I have seen you here ever since you were a mere child."

"But you have never spoken to me before."

"Only because I have not dared."

"How is it you dare now?"

Her glance, still dim with tears, met his bravely—even reproachfully.

"I thought, being so candid yourself, you would permit me to be the same."

"If you remember, sir, I asked no questions as to your private affairs."

"You might have done. I have no secrets."

"I have."

These two words were spoken with real dignity, and Milly moved on a little faster.

"Then I am not to know?"

"Unless Mr. Benson likes to tell you."

"One could hardly expect him to publish his own misery."

"Why should you expect me, then?"

"It is the lady who rejects, not the gentleman."

"In that case, sir, she would be publishing his humiliation, and that would not be generous."

"I see you have always an objection ready," said Lord Oakland, beginning to wish that she had not been such a shrewd antagonist.

"It is our only defence," sighed Milly.

"What defence should you require? You have no enemies."

"Even the rose has thorns, sir, to protect itself with."

"No one would hurt you, Miss Lowe."

"I can't tell that. But I am none the worse for being on my guard."

"You frighten your friends."

"I have no friends to frighten."

"Nay," he said, "you must allow me to doubt your word."

"You would have to search a long while before you found them," said Milly, sadly. "Old Nanny—and my father, of course—are the only persons who would care whether I lived or died."

"And Mr. Benson——"

"I did not authorize you to make that addition," replied Milly, sharply.

"But he would, I fancy."

She turned away, flushed and angry, for although Milly was very sweet and good, she had what is called a temper of her own, and on such a sore subject as this was tempted to show it.

"I should think, sir, you could know positively nothing about Mr. Benson's feelings."

"I only judge by appearances."

"You have never seen us together," she said, defiantly.

"How do you know that?"

"I never met you at any such time."

"Perhaps not, but one evening last summer, when I was in the wood late, I heard voices, and stopped to listen."

"You might have been better employed, sir."

"I thought not, at the time, I remember. But I was wickedly envious of Mr. Benson's felicity when I went away. To be loved for one's self alone is very rare."

"What else could you be loved for?" inquired Milly, with perfect astonishment.

"For one's rank, or wealth, you know."

"Indeed! But, then, that wouldn't be love, really."

"It is what passes for it in the world, anyhow, Miss Lowe."

"What a strange world it must be, then!" she answered, with great gravity. "I'm glad I don't live in it."

"Some people would say that you had very bad taste."

"Those would be just the people, sir, I shouldn't want to know, and I am sure they wouldn't want to know me."

"Some of them would; because I do."

"And you like the world?"

"Very much. I shouldn't like to be out of it. At the same time, I appreciate simplicity, especially when it goes hand in hand with sense and refinement, as it does with you."

She looked at him steadily, with grave, reproachful eyes.

"There is one thing you seem to fancy, sir."

"What is that?"

"Flattery."

"I never flatter."

"So it seems. But here we are at old Nanny's cottage, sir, and I'll wish you good afternoon."

"Wouldn't old Nanny be glad to see me, too?"

"I don't see why she should."

"I can't accuse you of flattery, Miss Lowe."

"I hope not, sir; it is a thing I utterly despise."

"You hit me hard, Miss Lowe. One would never believe, to look at you, that you could be so severe."

"I can't help my looks."

"And I don't expect you would if you could."

At this minute, Nanny, hearing voices, came to the door.

"La, Miss Milly, if it isn't you, I declare; and——"

Here she dropped a low curtsey.

"And Lord Oakland, Nanny; may he come in?" inquired Wilfred, pleasantly. "Miss Milly says she is sure you don't want to see me; but I tried to persuade myself the contrary."

"Walk in, my lord; Miss Milly made a mistake there. Nothing pleases me more than to see your lordship in my poor house."

"There!" exclaimed Wilfred to Milly in triumph. "You see you were wrong, after all."

Old Nanny's room was only lighted by one window, and this was so darkened and overshadowed by the ivy outside, that on first entering it was difficult to distinguish whether there were occupants or no. Milly went first behind old Nanny, and started back with a sharp cry, just stifled in its birth. There at the fireplace, looking very white, stood Herbert Benson. He handed her the chair he had been using, and stood aloof, watching.

Poor Milly felt very cold for a minute, and then she rallied; and, moreover, seeing him so pale, she thought he must care for her still, and might be brought to his senses through jealousy.

Milly did not know the danger of playing with edged tools, and it never struck her that she might wound herself more than she wounded Herbert, whose face showed not jealous rage, but serious pain and displeasure.

With a little coquettish smile, Milly motioned Lord Oakland into the place Herbert had just resigned.

"Won't you come near the fire, sir? It was cold walking."

"Not at all," answered Lord Oakland, entering fully into the spirit of the scene. "I never enjoyed a walk more in all my life."

Herbert turned a shade paler, if possible, and withdrew still further into the background.

At this minute, a strange, wild face peered in through the window, rested on Herbert with menacing, hateful eyes, and then disappeared. Was it a spectre, some awful visitant from the world of shadows, or a real, living presence? It was difficult to tell; and yet, whilst it remained there, a sudden, startling silence seemed to fall upon the little group collected in old Nanny's room. Milly was the first to speak. Glancing sideways at Herbert, to make sure that he was listening, she said, with demure malice:

"These country lanes are so lonely, one is glad to meet with a human being, if only for the novelty of the thing; although I can find a companion when I want. Tommy Wilson is always proud to be my protector, and I could not have a better."

"What, the idiot, do you mean?" asked Lord Oakland. "I think, if I were you, I should be less afraid without him than with him."

"He is quite harmless."

The white, strange face was so close to the window now that you might have seen every gaunt feature working with a convulsive eagerness. And yet no one noticed it. Milly went on:

"The lad can be spiteful, I know; but I do believe that, if I were attacked, he would defend me to the last drop of blood in his veins."

"What is the secret of your power over this strange creature?" said the young viscount, bending towards Milly.

"I have treated him like a human being, sir, that is all."

"And he appreciates the compliment?"

"Evidently."

"Are you sure it is that?"

Milly colored a little, and answered evasively:

"What else should it be?"

Lord Oakland bent still nearer, and whispered low:

"Perhaps he may be so human that he has learnt to love you like the rest of us."

"How absurd!" exclaimed Milly, in a tone that hardly expressed denial after all. "Poor Tommy! what should he know about such things?"

"Anyhow, he has one quality which I have known clever men to lack."

"What is that?"

"Good taste."

"Tommy knows who is good to him, that is all."

"And who is pretty, that is more."

"I shouldn't fancy he troubled himself much about such things."

"I shouldn't have thought so, either, but it seems, from what you say, that he does."

"Oh, sir, I never said that."

"Not exactly, but you implied it; and, in a case of this kind, to allow a thing to be understood by implication, is as good as an acknowledgment."

"I never meant it to be."

"I can't help that."

"But you are not obliged to believe it now it is explained, sir."

"Perhaps I shan't be able to get rid of the impression."

This dialogue had been carried on in a low voice, but Herbert, in spite of Nanny's gossip, caught a good part of it, and his brow darkened more and more.

Milly was only encouraging Lord Oakland in order to pique the other into some display of feeling; but Herbert fancied that she had real pleasure in the young viscount's flatteries, because of his rank and position.

Here was a new complication to this miserable case. If Milly should be tempted into wrong-doing through their estrangement the sin must lie at Mr. Lowe's door; but he should take the best part of the suffering on himself. The blame would be laid to him; but that he cared little enough about, if only Milly could be induced to take this trial in a different spirit.

Herbert hardly knew what to do; but, presently, when Lord Oakland, encouraged by Milly's coquetry, bent so low, to whisper in her ear, that his breath fanned her cheek, Herbert stepped suddenly forward, from an impulse he could not control, and said, firmly:

"Milly, your father will miss you from home. I am going your way, and will take you to your own gate, if you are ready."

"There! I knew how it would be!" thought Milly, triumphantly. "I have made him jealous. But it is my turn now. I will forgive him, after awhile; but he shall suffer, first, something of what he has made me suffer."

She turned to him, coldly:

"Thank you, I am not ready yet; and, when I am, I went home alone last time I came here, and can do so again."

"But I shall be happy to accompany you."

"I wouldn't give you so much trouble."

"But I told you I was going that way."

"Then don't let me keep you. I want to have an hour's gossip with old Nanny before I go."

"And then," said Lord Oakland, persuasively, "as I am in no hurry, and have no occupation which could be half so pleasant as accompanying you home, you will allow me to offer myself as a candidate for the honor you have refused Mr. Benson?"

There was a minute's silence. Milly was afraid to answer. She wanted to pique Herbert, and yet she did not want to provoke him into quarreling with Lord Oakland. Between these two alternatives she was puzzled to reply. Herbert's eyes were on her, too, grave but not passionate; and she began to doubt, after all, if her stratagem had succeeded. Certainly he did not look like a jealous man. He said, very quietly, "I will wait until you are ready," and sat down, thereby indicating that his patience would endure as long as might be needful.

Milly began to tire of her coquetries now. It was not like her to care for such things; and now that Herbert was not to be touched, it seemed to her a miserable farce. She rose, presently, looking white and weary.

"I think I will go home, now, and come again another day, Nanny," she said. "Father will want me."

Herbert rose, too.

"Am I not to come?" whispered Lord Oakland.

Herbert heard the question, and answered it himself:

"I will take Miss Lowe home, my lord. We are old friends, and it would seem more natural for me to do so than you."

"I leave that to Miss Lowe to decide."

Milly was stooping to pick up a ribbon which had fallen from her neck. Lord Oakland stooped, too, and their eyes met. Milly's lips just moved to say "No."

"Give me that ribbon."

Again she would have said "no," but he had seized it and hidden it.

"I must have some comfort left me. You are too cruel."

He rose to his feet, and saw that Herbert had been watching it all.

"If I am in the wood to-morrow, at this hour, will your lordship allow me a few minutes' conversation?" he said.

"What part of the wood?"

"Opposite here."

"Very well," answered Lord Oakland, haughtily, and went off with his treasure, well satisfied on the whole.

He watched Herbert and Milly disappear down the lane, and then he turned towards the wood. The ribbon was in his hand. He transferred it to his buttonhole, and smiled to himself, triumphantly.

"Dear little Milly! I don't believe she will prove obdurate after all."

He said this to himself, quite softly, and sighed. The twilight gloom was gathering fast, and the wind was sweeping across the tall tree-tops drearily.

Wilfred drew his coat closer about him, and shivered. He began to wish he were at home, especially as, now and then, he fancied he heard steps behind, dogging him. Once he turned sharply, but the shadows were so thick that he could see nothing, and he went on again at rather a quicker pace than before. He reached the centre of the wood, where the night was the blackest, when, suddenly, he felt a hand on his throat. He tried to wrench himself away, but the grasp only tightened, until it felt like a grasp of iron.

Wilfred had courage enough; but this secret enemy, who assailed him from behind, was not like an ordinary foe. The very mystery of the assault confounded Wilfred, and put him off his guard. He did struggle a little, but he knew that it was in vain; and, when he felt himself drawn backward and flung on the ground, he gave himself up for lost.

The man knelt on his breast as he lay prostrate, and seemed to search for something. His face was so close to Wilfred's that his hot breath hissed in his ear. There was a quick, sudden wrench, a little cry of triumph, and the man sprang off his victim, and disappeared with the same mystery that had marked his coming, leaving Wilfred bruised and shaken, but conscious only of one loss. The ribbon he had worn so proudly in his buttonhole was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS."—It is a common request; but how many pennies it would take to buy *some* thoughts! How many blissful dreams would be dissolved could they be purchased and made known; how many hearts that now throb peacefully would be aching; how many sunshiny faces would be clouded with gloom! Ah! it is well our thoughts cannot be bought; else would this merry bantering question sometimes prove the questioner's death-blow. And yet there are two sides to *this*, as well as to many questions. How much more than the offered "penny" is the *kind* thought!—the charitable, palliating, forgiving thought! Withhold not *that!* It were feet to the crippled, wings to the leaden-hearted, manna to the famishing in this world's wilderness. There are a thousand ways in which a skillful physician can give a drop of balm. A cheery look, or smile, even towards a stranger, will sometimes turn the whole current of his miserable thoughts, beguile him out of his downcast looks and morbid reflections. Don't wait for an introduction to a drowning man. Throw him a rope and pull him out; never mind what his name is—bring him ashore.

IT IS better to need relief than to want the heart to give it.

A LOVERS' QUARREL.

BY P. W.

The winter day was drawing to a close, and Lilian Graham clung closer to her friend's side, with almost a sensation of terror.

"I had no idea it was so late, Effie," she said to Mrs. Wallis, her companion. "Oh, do let us hurry home, if you please."

"Don't be nervous," laughed merry little Mrs. Wallis; "I like to be out in the dark once in a while myself—it gives one a sense of adventure."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Lilian, with a sudden joyous intonation of her voice, "Meredith Alston is coming; he will see us safe home."

As she spoke, a tall figure approached. The figure of a gentleman walking rapidly down the street, with the lamplight shining full upon his dark eyes and regular features.

"Mr. Alston! Meredith!"

But, to Lilian's surprise, the gentleman took no notice of her hesitating summons, but passed her, looking into her eager, flushed face with the careless glance of unrecognition.

She drew herself up haughtily, and bit her lip.

"I might have spared myself the trouble of speaking," she said, "if I had only known that Mr. Alston does not know his acquaintances in the street."

"I daresay he was thinking of something else," said Effie Wallis, apologetically.

"But I called his name," persisted Lilian, "and he looked me full in the face!"

"Well, you shall call him to account for it when he comes to-night."

"I have a mind not to see him."

"That would be nonsense," said sensible Mrs. Wallis. "Come along; we shall be home in two minutes."

Lilian Graham looked very pretty as she sat in her father's drawing-room that night, with the soft light from the chandelier streaming round her slender figure, and the somewhat plain face of Mrs. Wallis served as an unconscious foil to set off her own fresh young loveliness.

Mr. Alston's face brightened as he entered the room.

"You are looking very well, Lilian," he said.

Lilian bit her lip.

"You did not stop to think about my looks when I really needed your escort this evening," she said, a little coolly.

He looked at her in astonishment.

"I don't know what you mean, Lilian!"

"Were you not out this evening, between six and seven?"

"No; I was not."

"Mr. Alston, I can hardly discredit the evidence of my own senses; I certainly saw you, and so did Mrs. Wallis."

He looked pained, but offered no further explanation of the mystery.

"Are you ready for the concert?" he asked.

"I have changed my mind," she said, briefly; "I don't want to go."

"Lilian!"

"The truth is," she said, rising to her feet, "I don't care to go out with a gentleman who sees fit to repose so little confidence in me."

Mr. Alston bowed his submission to her fiat.

"Very well," he said, quietly; "I cannot, of course, dispute your decision. I wish you a good evening."

But little Lilian found the hours by the domestic fireside a little dull after his departure.

"I wish I hadn't been so cross with him," she said, shrugging her pretty shoulders remorsefully. "Effie, let's ask papa to take us to the opera; we shall be in time for the last two acts."

"Just as you choose," said Effie Wallis, who was not unaccustomed to the sudden caprices of her pretty little cousin's mind.

The opera house was crowded, but the party with difficulty found seats at the back of the dress circle, and Lilian was hardly seated before she pressed her cousin's arm.

"Effie, look there, close to the orchestra stalls."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wallis. "I see—it is Mr. Alston; but I suppose a man has a right to come to the opera, if he chooses."

"I hope he won't see us," said Lilian, in a tone which might easily have been interpreted as directly contrary to her words.

"Do keep still, and let me hear this delicious solo!"

Lilian was delighted when she met Mr. Alston the next morning.

"I hope you enjoyed yourself last night," she said, demurely.

"I can't say that I did, particularly," he answered, with a smile. "I spent the evening at home, over my books, and I retired very early."

"I beg your pardon," said Lilian; "you were at the Opera, for I saw you there."

"You are mistaken, Lilian."

"I am not mistaken," she answered, positively. "I saw you there, and Effie did also. What's the use of trying to deceive me so?"

He colored, and for an instant looked as if he would have spoken hastily; the next moment, however, the cold, quiet look came on his countenance.

"I am not trying to deceive you, Lilian; but there are some things that I cannot tell you."

"Engaged people should never have mysteries from each other," she answered, indignantly.

"The mystery is not mine, Lilian."

"As you choose," she retorted; "but I do not choose to be the butt of your practical jokes any longer. Please consider our engagement at an end."

She drew the glittering engagement-ring from her finger, and tossed it towards him, but he made no effort to catch it, and it rolled into the road.

And thus they parted, these two, who had been affianced lovers for so long.

The weeks passed by, and somewhat to Lilian's disappointment, perhaps, Meredith Alston made no further effort to see her.

She grew pale and heavy-eyed, but she would have died ere she would have sent to her lover, saying:

"I have been wrong, come to me once more!"

For Lilian Graham persisted in believing that Meredith alone had been in the wrong.

She sat at the head of her father's dinner-table one evening, when suddenly a well-known name sounded on her ear.

"Alston!" said one. "Yes, I saw the notice of the death in the morning paper. It's one of the Allstons—Meredith Alston's cousin. He was hopelessly insane, and no one saw him until of late years, when the old gentleman insisted on having him at home. A fine-looking young fellow, too! they say he looked very much like Meredith. Got loose one night, I believe, and paraded about town, behaving himself so well, that half the people mistook him for his cousin—ha, ha, ha!"

Lilian listened, feeling as if she were in a dream.

This, then, was the secret of the strange misunderstanding which had parted herself and her affianced lover.

The cruel secret which Meredith Alston was obliged to conceal—the mistaken identity of the two cousins—had been at the bottom of her heart-wreck.

She rejoiced when the time came for herself and Mrs. Wallis to leave the table.

"Effie!" she cried, breathlessly, as soon as they were alone, "did you hear what Mr. Ness said?"

"Yes; isn't it a strange story?" her cousin assented. "What a relief it must be to the Allstons! But what are you going to do?"

"To send for Meredith at once," Lilian answered promptly.

"And confess yourself to have been in the wrong?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Then you have more moral courage than I have."

But Lilian's heart secretly urged her on, and she could not rest until she had summoned Meredith Alston.

He came, somewhat surprised, yet not lacking in dignity.

"Meredith," she said, softly, coming up to him, "will you forgive me? I have been wrong and hasty, but I love you still. I never knew until to-night of—of the cloud which overshadowed your household."

"I knew you were misunderstanding me, Lilian," he said, calmly; "but my lips were sealed by a promise exacted by my father."

"Then you will forgive me?"

"It is easy to forgive one we love," he said, gently.

"Meredith," she whispered, "do you love me as you once did?"

"My sentiments have undergone no change, Lilian."

And the lover-like kiss he pressed upon her brow was the signet of a newer and more auspicious betrothal, whereof the mainspring was perfect love and trust.

NATIONAL NOSES.

There are three national noses among civilized people, and only three—the Jewish, the Grecian, and the Roman. Each is of a description totally different from the other two, and all three have a distinct character of their own. The Jewish is the only national nose now remaining; the Greek and the Roman are occasionally reproduced among modern nations, but as national characteristics exist no longer. That the ancient Jews attached no slight importance to this feature is evidenced from Leviticus xxi: 18, where "he that hath a flat nose" is ranked with the blind and the lame, the crook-backed, the scurvy and the scabbed, and is forbidden to take part in the service of the sanctuary. The handsome Jewish nose is poetically described in the Song of Solomon, as being "like the tower of Lebanon that looketh towards Damascus"—a very apt comparison to a Jew, because the towers of defence were built on the outer walls of the city or fortress, and in their outline projecting considerably from the plane of the wall, and rising perpendicularly to a certain height, then slanting in the roof a further height at an angle of about forty-five degrees, resembled when seen at a distance the form of a perfect masculine nose—at least, according to Jewish notions. There are remains of these towers still to be seen in Palestine, and to travelers who catch sight of them from afar they satisfactorily explain the text above quoted.

The Greek nose has come down to us in the Greek sculptures, and certainly accords better with our northern ideas of personal beauty than any other. Seen in profile, the outline is almost a continuation without curve or deviation of the outline of the forehead, and would seem, phrenologically considered, quite in harmony with the unparalleled progress of the Greeks in art, science and philosophy. Among us moderns the perfect Greek nose is extremely rare, save on the canvas of our painters.

The Roman nose is the very incarnation of the idea of combativeness, and suggests the notion that it was borrowed from a bird of prey. In describing Julius Cæsar, Byron calls him

"The black-eyed Roman with
The *eagle's* beak between those eyes which no'er
Beheld a conqueror, or looked abroad
The land he made not Rome's, while Rome became
His, and all theirs who heir'd his very name."

The "eagle's beak," as the observant student must be well aware, may be regarded as the common characteristic of men of a daring, dashing, audacious, energetic and enterprising nature; and taken by itself, it need not be looked upon as typical of anything very admirable or desirable—since its owner is often as thoughtless and unscrupulous as he is bold and dashing. It was said of Napoleon, that if he wanted in emergencies any bold thing done of a sudden, and had no tried man at hand to whom he could trust the exploit, he was accustomed to select a man with a good military nose, and that the person thus selected was generally successful. Napoleon was doubtless right as a rule; though had he chanced at any time to have hit upon a Tougilianus, he might have found himself deceived. But there are other qualities than dashing and daring necessary to ensure permanent success; the chief of which qualities are judgment and perseverance, of the possession of which the prominent nose is no indication, but rather the reverse. It is the prominent chin, and not the prominent nose, which marks the man of dogged, unswerving determination; and it is when nose and chin are correspondingly well pronounced, and both are backed by a capacious brain, that we have the true ideal of the successful commander of armies and the ruler of men.

IN A world like the present, one of the grandest occupations is that of giving condolence. We ought all of us to study this holy science of imparting comfort to the troubled. There are many who could look round upon some of their very best friends, who wish them well, and are very intelligent, and yet be able truthfully to say to them in days of trouble, "Miserable comforters are ye all."

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

TO MAKE good black ink, take one ounce, extract of logwood, forty-eight grains bicromate of potash, twenty-four grains prussiate of potash. Heat a gallon of soft water to boiling, add the logwood, and boil five minutes, then add the other materials, and boil all together two minutes.

IF FARMERS would save their oat chaff and sift it, an excellent filling of beds could be made of it, as it is soft, light, elastic, and very sweet. It can be renewed every year at little cost, while for children's beds it is nice. Keep a sack or two stuffed full of oat chaff in a dry place, and then filling is always at hand.

GREASE FROM SILK AND VELVET.—Rub the spot on the grease or velvet lightly and rapidly with a clean, soft cotton rag dipped in ether. Repeat the operation if necessary. Finish with a clean, dry cloth. Rub lightly and rapidly, or else a slight stain will be the result. We have known grease spots to be taken out of the most delicate colored silks in the way described.

HERE is a receipt for making a good servant: Let the mistress of the house take two pounds of the very best self-control, a pound and a half of patience, a pound and a half of justice, a pound of consideration and a pound of discipline. Let this be sweetened with charity, let it simmer well, and let it be taken in daily or (in extreme cases) in hourly doses, and be kept always on hand. Then the domestic wheels will run quite smoothly.

AS ALL FAMILIES are not provided with scales and weights, referring to ingredients in general use by every housewife, the following information may be useful: Wheat flour, one pound is one quart; Indian meal, one pound two ounces is one quart; butter, when soft, one pound two ounces is one quart; loaf sugar, broken, one pound is one quart; white sugar, powdered, one pound one ounce is one quart; best brown sugar, one pound two ounces is one quart; eggs, average size, ten eggs are one pound; sixteen large teaspoonsfull are half a pint, eight are a gill, four half a gill, etc.

REMOVING GREASE SPOTS.—In taking out grease from clothing with benzole or turpentine, people generally make the mistake of wetting the cloth with the turpentine and then rubbing it with a sponge or piece of cloth. In this way the fat is dissolved, but is spread over a greater space and is not removed; the benzole or turpentine evaporates, and the fat covers a greater surface than before. The only way to remove grease spots is to place soft blotting-paper beneath and on top of the spot, which is to be first thoroughly saturated with the benzole, and then well pressed. The fat is then dissolved and absorbed by the paper, and entirely removed from the clothing.

TO PRESERVE GRAPES.—First, pick off all unsound or unripe ones, and lay the clusters in an empty room on papers until dry, for in all packages some will be crushed and dampen others. Then any empty crate will do to pack them in. First a layer of grapes, then a thickness of paper, so as to exclude the air and keep them separate, then grapes and then paper, and so until you have three or four layers—no more than four. If the box is to hold more, put in a partition to support the others that are to be packed. Hundreds of pounds were packed thus last year, and they kept perfectly until the middle of March, and had the supply not been exhausted they could have been kept much longer.

BUBBLES.

The purplish gray of twilight was robbing the hills; the air was laden with the richest aroma of summer roses; the birds in the maples sang as sweetly, and the brook told as gladsome a song as of old, while every green grass plot and bright flower bore some message to the calm observer.

On a mossy stone by the brook's green brim sat a little boy, with his cup and pipe in hand, listening to the birds, the music of the rippling water, meanwhile trying with all his little strength to catch one of those airy things floating away on the still air and hold it in his hands. Away he ran as fast as his little feet would carry him; nothing could tire his patience or wear out his courage, and more than once the low brambles of the forest scratched his face sharply as he fell forward among them, but with fresh ardor he sprang up, pursuing the bubble over hill and dale, slippery with dry grass; stopping at length by the side of a bubbling fountain, tears of fatigue and discouragement came into his eyes; then he dipped again his cup and blew bubbles, fairer and more brilliant than at first. Again he renewed his chase; but try as he would he could not grasp it. Thus the day passed, and the night found him still following the elusive bubbles. Poor child! "How short the time," he said, as he saw the gathering darkness; "I must go home, or they will be troubled about me; I do wish there was time for just one more bubble—I do so want one." And slowly he walked homeward, feeling that he had been hardly used; he only wanted one—very moderate in his wishes.

And not the child alone who is intent on chasing bubbles; the bearded boy, the gay belle of fashion, manhood and old age, each pursue it with the same ardor as the child.

Fame, wealth, admiration! How fair and brilliant in the distance! How elusive the pursuit! How empty the possession!

All these shall see the night of that life come. And, like the child, find themselves weary and disheartened.

Bubbles are not the only things—why follow them? mere airy nothings without substance, forgetful of the more homely wayside flowers—the gems of thought and fancy within the reach of all.

VERY few in the world have their passions adequately occupied; almost everybody has it in them to be better than they are.

HUMAN life is a gloomy chamber, in which the images of the other world shine the brighter the deeper it is darkened.

Tapeworm! Tapeworm!

Removed alive, with head complete, in from two to three hours. No fee till removed, by Dr. KUNZEL, No. 319 N. Ninth st., Phila. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed. oct5-3m

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DAILY LIFE.

Is our daily life what it ought to be—what it might be? Do we not allow petty vexations and trivial things to sour our temper and darken our brow—the impulses of nature to get the better of us? That impatient word just now; you were fretted, but did it make you feel any more pleasant? Those light and trifling thoughts; they have gone to give their account against you. That witticism at another's expense; you meant no harm, but was it, after all, quite right, and doing just as you would be done by?

And then the words that are unspoken, the opportunities neglected which might be productive of so much good! How much evil we do when we might do good! How much reproach we bring upon ourselves by our inconsistencies! How little we practice what we preach! How little we do unto others what we would that they should do unto us! How selfish we are, and ready to listen to the promptings of self-interest! How we permit little jealousies and animosities to rankle in our heart, and pride, vain and impotent, to fill it! How little of charity do we feel for an erring brother or sister, as if we never erred ourselves! How imperfect and incongruous are our lives!

And yet we might make of life a most beautiful thing; but it must be our daily life that will do it.

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land."

So loving words and deeds of kindness, tender sympathies and gentle ministrations, constantly and daily expressed, will make our lives majestic.

Did you never see those that have appeared the very embodiment of goodness, in whose presence there was an attraction irresistible, magical? They have seemed to you like an oasis in a dreary desert-land, like green and fertile spots in a barren waste. You have sighed to be like them, as good and beautiful. You can be, if you will only make the endeavor; you can adorn your soul with such grace; you can make your life so attractive, that you will carry with you, wherever you go, the charm most potent.

To many, daily life seems dull and prosaic; but there are passages in it of surpassing loveliness. Did you reply kindly, just know, when spoken harshly to? Did you receive that bitter upbraiding meekly and silently? It was a beautiful thing. Did you deny yourself that others might be made happier thereby? It was laying up treasures for heaven. Did you speak words of sympathy and hopeful cheer to that poor and despondent soul? God will remember and reward you. Did you lighten the burden of that weary brother or sister? There shall assistance come down to you from above when you are "weary and heavy laden."

Would that we treasured these opportunities of doing good, and prized them more highly, for they are jewels with which we may adorn our souls with richest grace—goblets from which we may quaff the delicious waters of happiness.

When you have striven earnestly, and felt at its close that the day had been made better by these strivings; when you have overcome some mighty temptation; when you have accomplished something for the good of those around you, what a flood of happiness has filled your soul to overflowing! And in the still watches of the night, as we live over in thought the short-comings of the day, we promise, earnestly and with tears, that we will do differently.

Let us strive to live that our "life's little acts shall have no remorseful shadows hanging over them." Life will then have a new meaning for us; it will become a reality to us, for only as we grow nobler and better do we really live; only as the heart advances in that which is good do the spirit's chariot wheels move on towards the celestial city.

SPARE MOMENTS are the gold-dust of time. Then let us fill up the little spaces of life with something that will make its record glitter. Time is a priceless gift of Providence to humanity, and we should weigh well not only its minutes but its seconds. If we copy after Nature's great plan, we shall learn that not a moment need be unemployed. Our duty to our Creator, the employment of our talents, and the giving of charity to those less favored than ourselves, will call for our whole life. We cannot estimate the true value of hours and minutes, but we can compare it to the gathering of particles of gold, which, when collected, become valuable. So, if we expect to be the happy reapers of the fruits of well-spent time, we must faithfully garner and cluster time's golden fragments. As the minute particles of gold-dust glitter in the sun, so shall our little acts shine forth at the scrutiny of a still Greater Power.

THE improvement of the understanding is for two ends; first, for our own increase of knowledge; secondly, to enable us to deliver and make out that knowledge to others.

SUMMER.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

I sit beneath the maple tree,
The waving shadows come and go,
The bee drones over roses sweet,
After I hear the river's flow.

But yesterday we laughed at Spring,
Where showers wept with sun between;
To-day we count our golden store,
What dreams and hours there have been!

The peaches ripening on the wall,
The grapes a-purpling in the sun,
The castle built, the story planned,
The work and laughter all but done.

Will any hand tie up the bloom
Of velvet roses fading fast?
Care, look, or tone, be kept awhile,
When youth and joy are overpast?

God knoweth. Still the maple tree
Sifts down the Summer's starry gold;
Have we a harvest garnered in,
For Autumn nights to keep and hold?

A WAGER WON.

BY MAY MERREDITH.

"And then it is an agreement. Let me see if I understand you aright? I am to make every effort to obtain a seat at the Oratorio, to-night. If I succeed in doing so—which, by the way, is most unlikely—you are to grant me whatever boon I choose to ask. If I do not succeed I give you whatsoever you ask, even 'unto the half of my kingdom,'" and I looked into Maggie Morgan's sweet eyes as she sat beside me.

"Precisely," she answered, with a smile. "You understand the state of the case exactly, and I have been very fair towards you, I think, in telling you of the trouble John and Louis had in procuring tickets, and you know they say positively that no more can be had. Are you still willing to run the risk?"

"Indeed I am," I replied. "Your hand, Miss Maggie, as an evidence of sincerity."

She placed her little white hand in mine, and as she avoided my gaze, said, laughingly:

"You seem very rash, Mr. Harvard. Who knows what dangerous request I may make?"

"Anything you ask, Miss Maggie, will be a pleasure for me to grant;" and then I bent and kissed the soft hand I still held. She drew it away quickly, while a rosy blush suffused her face. I wondered then if she suspected how near I was to declaring my love.

All day long I endeavored to become possessed of a ticket for the Oratorio, but neither love nor money seemed of avail in my case. At last, in despair, I went to Harry Preston, and telling him of my ill-fortune, asked if he could suggest some manner in which this wish of mine could be accomplished. Harry pulled a long grave face and seemed fully to appreciate the forlornness of my condition.

"You know, my dear boy," he said, "I would most willingly let you have my ticket to-night, but the truth of the matter is, I have an engagement with a young lady, and it would never do to disappoint her; then too——"

But I interrupted him.

"The very thing, Harry! You become suddenly indisposed, utterly unable to attend the entertainment. What more natural than that I, your mutual friend, should take your place. Of course, your engagement is with Miss Hill, and as I've known her some time, why——"

"Yes, Frank, that might be a good idea, to be sure, but now I think of it, Miss Hill is not the young lady; in fact, I am quite positive that you are unacquainted with her, so you see, old fellow, that plan would hardly do. Besides, I have promised myself the pleasure of hearing the music to-night. You know I was disappointed last evening, so you must overlook my selfishness."

"Well, I wish you could have had my ticket last night, and have been in my place. This thing of paying two dollars for the privilege of standing on one foot in a crowd of men, so far removed from the stage that you can just catch the shadow of a tune floating to your strained ear, don't pay, in my humble opinion. But Harry, old boy, what can I do?"

"I have just thought of something," he answered, this eye brightening, as I knew it always did when he had some fun on hand. "Frank, old fellow have you a good deal of assurance?"

"Any amount," I answered, emphatically, "tell me, what is it?"

"Only this," he said, "I have a friend, a Mr. Peters, from Philadelphia, who has a capital voice, and is to sing to-night in the choruses. Now I will introduce you to him, tell him your wish, and persuade him to assist you in entering the hall in false colors, in other words as a chorus singer yourself. What say you? Are you willing to run the risk?"

"Certainly," I answered. "Let us find him immediately, for we have no time to lose."

This grand oratorio was furnished with voices from many of our principal cities, and when about seven o'clock, I passed through the side entrance of the hall, I suppose with my roll of music under my arm, and my spectacles resting snugly on my nose, I was taken for one of the great Philadelphia, Boston, or Cincinnati singing men. I felt enough out of place, though, and very guilty, when I entered a room where were assembled the veritable senders-forth of dulcet notes. Little groups of men were collected over the floor, discussing, with all their might, the various merits of the pieces to be sung, and talking excitedly about G flat and C minor. Some were washing their hands or arranging their hair, and some gargling their throats, preparing them, I suppose, for the strain to be put upon them.

Not to be singular, I, too, seized a glass of water and proceeded to work as if the fate of the whole performance depended upon the thoroughness of my operation. At last, convinced that my throat would not again perform its functions if I tampered with it longer, and fearing too, to call attention upon myself by the long continuedness of my performance, I desisted, and proceeded to the basin where I conducted my ablutions, and then standing before the glass, rearranged my already elaborately arranged locks.

Fortunately, no one spoke to me, though I am sure all saw me. But the Boston men thought I was a New Yorker, the New Yorkers took me for a Bostonian or Philadelphian, and so on, and I congratulated myself that I had a sufficiently metropolitan air to deceive the wisest. At last, as I was wondering what next I would do, a hand was placed suddenly on my shoulder, and a voice spoke quickly, almost impatiently: "Tenor or baritone?"

I was taken by surprise, and hardly knowing what I said, answered: "Tenor."

The word was scarcely out of my mouth, when I was marched off to a conspicuous place on the stage, a large book of music was placed in my hand, and before I knew it I found myself listening confusedly to a dissertation on various symphonies and chords, wherein figured major G, minor C, C natural, and sharp F, to such an extent that I became more and more bewildered each moment. Between our leader, who stood just in front of me and kept time, and myself, I managed to keep the music book, but how would I deceive the brother on either side? I made motions with my lips as if the sweetest notes issued and came forth, but in reality I did not dare to let the least sound escape me. I might, indeed, have sung a little, but suppose the rest were to stop and I should suddenly be left alone in my glory! And now a fearful thought suggested itself. Evidently I was one of the principal tenors, perhaps I might be mistaken for some celebrated person, and called upon for a solo! At the bare thought I turned pale, but summoned up my courage and kept the book well before my face.

At length, after what seemed an interminable time, there was an interval or rest of a few moments. My next door neighbor on right and left, eyed me a little suspiciously, I fancied, and truly no wonder! for they had not heard a sound proceed from my mouth, and still I had a seat with them, the most noted musicians of the day. I feared they would speak to me, would request to know the meaning of my strange behavior; but as good luck would have it their attention was called elsewhere. So far I was safe. Just before the music commenced again, I heard a voice from behind, call out:

"I say, Harvard, old fellow, how are you coming on? How's your voice?"

The speaker was Peters, undoubtedly. By Jove, would the scoundrel betray me! But no one spoke, no one answered, and again I breathed freely.

At length it was over. The last note of applause was dying away, and the audience rising. I scarcely know how I made my exit, how I reached the fresh air once more, but reach it I did, vowing I would never again aid (?) an Oratorio by my voice.

But the next morning, sitting in my office, and thinking it all over, I perceived the ludicrousness of the affair, and fancied it quite an adventure, of which, of course, I was the hero. At any rate, I had now won the wager, and anything I asked Maggie Morgan she must grant.

On my way to Maggie's I was met by an old friend of my father's.

"Glad to see you, Frank, my boy; but how in the deuce came you to be with the principal tenor voices last night? As long as I have known you, you could never turn a tune—in fact you have no voice at all—and your being on the stage last night proves what I have said all along, that this Oratorio is a grand humbug from beginning to end," and the old man turned red in the fulness of his just anger.

I smiled, but fearing to provoke him further, hastened to tell him of my exploit. After listening attentively, the old fellow laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and then bade me a merry good-bye.

As I took Maggie's extended hand, and drew her to the sofa beside me, I said:

"You did not know before last night that I had a fine tenor voice, did you, Miss Maggie?"

"No," she said, with a merry laugh; "nor did I ascertain it then, for change my position as I would, strain my ears to their utmost limit, or watch your lips with the closest scrutiny, I could not perceive that you uttered one sound. I was nearer you than you supposed, but so engrossed were you in the music-book you held before you, that you did not care to raise your eyes from it. However, you must let me congratulate you on the success of the Oratorio, in which you shone as one of the brightest stars."

She rose and made me a mock courtesy, with so much grace and affected obeisance, that I sprang up and drew her suddenly to my heart.

"Maggie," I whispered, "do you know I have come to beg the boon I have won, and that boon is—yourself. Can you grant it me?"

"I suppose I must," she said, a smile dimpling each rosy cheek, "as, indeed, it is fairly won. But you are an ungenerous fellow, to take advantage of my thoughtless promise. Of course, I expected, if you won, that you would ask me to make you a tobacco-bag, a pin-cushion, or something or other, with my own 'fair hands,' and instead——"

She paused, and looked up into my eyes.

"And instead," I continued, stooping and kissing her forehead, "I have asked you for your greatest treasure—your heart—and you have seen fit, darling, to give it to me."

BEAUTIES OF MANHOOD.

To the boy, the world beyond his immediate surroundings is only a picture. He does not know how real are the sorrows, the passions, the ambitions of men. Its absorbing interests, its heroes and its martyrs, are heard of by him without understanding, or with indifference. His sport, his lessons, his home life, are alone real. But there will come a change. The ordinary slow growth into manhood, with its business or professional pursuits and widening relations, or startling events, such as the death of a parent, or some intellectual or spiritual appeal, striking out the latent soul, will make vivid and earnest what was indistinct and uninteresting.

Like a stereoscopic picture before it is put in the stereoscope, the life of man has no body or reality; but when the boy awakens, as with the picture within the instrument, so with him, a solidity and naturalness will be acquired by the external world, and he will feel what it is henceforth to live and move amongst these grander forms.

Many mistakes will he commit, false estimates will he form of proportion and perspective, the earnestness of his new conceptions will hurry him into extravagances and generous errors; but if there is truth in his nature, and nobleness in his spirit, just views will be formed, and the day in which it is given him to work will find him not unmindful of the responsibility which arises from a knowledge of the coming night.

WE are never happy; we can only remember that we were so once.

THE LUCKY NUMBER.

BY FREDERICK S. MILLS.

Reader, are you superstitious? Do you believe in evil stars and lucky numbers? Is there one day in the week less favored than the rest? Is the spilling of salt a calamity, at the bare mention of which you shudder? If so, take warning by the misfortunes of Mary Fichet.

Mary was a spinster, of a very uncertain age. Her love affairs had never prospered, somehow. She said her poverty was the cause; but we know that was a libel on the stronger sex. Her superstitious notions had a great deal to do with it. In her young days she had thrown apple parings over her shoulders, and had waited patiently for the coming of the favored swain, whose name commenced with the ominous initial. She placed love charms under her pillow at night, and dreamed of some impossible Adonis, who was all her fancy painted him, and who, consequently, never came.

When the circus came into the village, she visited the side show, in which the "magic mirror" was exhibited, and viewed, with some complacency, the reflection of a languishing young man, with jet black hair and a moustache—such a moustache—the nearest approach to it she ever saw, was the hirsute appendage of the modest individual who came to the village once or twice a year with a grand assortment of cheap and gaudy jewelry which was sold for a "mere song." Well might this similarity exist! She never knew, however, that this was the very same gentleman whose image she had seen, nor that, in those early days, he was one of the proprietors of the aforesaid "magic mirror," and she did not marry him. Fancy his fate becoming linked with that of every fair lady whose "affinity" he had represented (posed in a graceful, meditative attitude, illustrating his sad and lonely lot), he would have taken unto himself more wives than the famous Mr. Young, of Salt Lake City.

But we are sadly digressing. Our story has little in common with these early days of Miss Mary Fichett. It commences about the time when, feeling herself sadly neglected by the sterner sex, she concluded that poverty was the cause of all her trouble; and that, in consequence of the continual presence of that grim spectre in her household, love had not even ventured to "come in at the door." If he had been so venturesome, she would have clipped his wings, he should never have "passed out at the window."

Mary was a milliner, sometimes she worked for the stores, sometimes she displayed three fancy bonnets (were they bonnets?) upon three little stands, in her little parlor window. These productions were a miracle of inventive genius. All the birds of the air (to say nothing of antediluvian species), contributed their tails, sometimes their wings and beaks, or close imitations thereof, toward the decoration of Miss Fichett's works of millinery art. Now by some fortuitous circumstance, Miss Mary had succeeded in disposing of all three productions in the self-same day, and was the happy possessor of some fifteen dollars over and above the cost of their manufacture.

That fifteen dollars troubled her exceedingly. It was too much to spend, too little to lie by; certainly it might be deposited in a safe place, as a nucleus of a future payment to the nearest bank, but thieves might break in and steal. Murders had been committed for far less than fifteen dollars!

Miss Fichett called to mind, that only a day or two ago she had read an announcement bill of the great "Wakpa-washie Lottery Scheme," a scheme "organized by special State authority, by the residents of Fort Sully, for the purpose of providing the necessary funds for the purchase of mocassins for the Bellfourche and Wakpa-washie tribes of Sioux Indians." She recollected that the capital prize, of one hundred thousand dollars, would be given, with innumerable others; all secured to the lucky prize-holders by government security, and also that the price of a chance in this incomparable scheme, was only $10 in U. S. currency.

Still undetermined, whether or not, she would invest $10, in a chance for a "capital prize," (which would secure her a husband very speedily,) she retired to her solitary couch. The greenbacks were carefully placed beneath her pillow, and, it is not unlikely, they influenced her dreams.

She dreamed a very curious dream. She thought it was the thirtieth day of the seventh month, and that her age was forty-five, (she knew very well that it wasn't so much as that, but so said the oracle of her slumbers.) "Thirtieth day, of the seventh month, aged forty-five."

All through the night this curious dream continued. Something continually whispered in her ears, "thirtieth day of the seventh month, aged forty-five."

Her first idea, upon waking, was, that this was some mysterious warning of her approaching dissolution. Then, that the figures perhaps referred to the "lucky number" in the coming lottery! She put them upon paper—just to see how they would look! They did not look badly—30.7.45!

The figures became impressed upon her mind; so it was by no means strange that her dream was repeated upon the following night, with this difference, the figures appeared to stand boldly before her eyes, in characters of burnished gold—30.7.45—30745.

She was quite sure then that her fate—her whole future—depended upon her possession of the ticket bearing that impressive number!

No longer did she hesitate in sending her $10, with the request that if the all-important ticket was not already sold, it might be the one allotted to her.

How anxious she was to be sure! The millinery business was sadly neglected. Previous to the receipt of a reply, she divided her time chiefly between anxious wonderment as to the timeliness of her application, and castle-building with the capital prize, which she felt certain would very soon be hers.

At one moment she decided to open a gigantic millinery establishment—one that would utterly annihilate Misses Feathere and Berry, (the two young ladies for whose store she sometimes worked,) at another she was in the seventh heaven of delight, prospecting an European tour, in company with the young gentleman of whom—but let us draw a veil!

When the reply came, and ticket No. 30745, was enclosed therewith, she nearly fainted with excess of ecstacy. Now her fortune was assured! No longer would she manufacture those detestable bonnets—not even for her own wearing! Mrs. Brown stopped at her house that day, to give an order for one of those "dear little things, you know, dear, with a sprig of jessamine twined around a robin's breast," but Mrs. Brown was referred promptly to Misses Feathere and Berry.

"I think of retiring, shortly, from active life, my dear Mrs. Brown," said Miss Fichett, patronizingly. "In fact I don't know if I shan't leave Littleville altogether! One's social sphere is so restricted, you know. In fact, I don't mind telling you dear, I have inherited a small fortune from—from—a distant relative, and I expect to be placed in possession shortly, of a considerable sum of money—so you see——"

Mrs. Brown didn't see, but she congratulated her, nevertheless; and the report went the round of select Littleville society that Miss Fichett was a millionaire, and Miss Fichett bore herself with the utmost propriety under the altered circumstances.

Alas, alas! that jackdaws should wear the plumage of the peacock! Miss Fichett became so enamored with herself, she scarcely recognized that her coming future hung upon the hazard of the die—the "lucky number." She even went so far as to accept the congratulations of her neighbors, and to invite them to a grand merrymaking "one of these days—when her ship came in." At church she was the observed of observers. Curiously, the text (she did not see its application) was "Happy is he who expecteth nothing, for, verily, he shall not be disappointed."

The day of the drawing came, and in due course Miss Fichett received a list of the really "lucky numbers." She hurriedly tore the envelope open, and eagerly scrutinized the contents. The list dropped from her fingers, and she fainted right away, for there, on the very first line, was printed in large letters,

CAPITAL PRIZE, $100,000. No. 45,730.

Yes! 45,730. The figures of her dream *reversed* in their order! Miss Fichett had forgotten that "dreams go by contraries," at the best. What an idiot she had been to be sure!

There was nothing for it but to make the best of the situation. She told her friends that it was a mistake about the fortune—it wasn't hers after all.

She still resides at Littleville, and three little fancy bonnets still decorate her window.

But she often regrets that she didn't buy that ticket both ways.

THE YOUNG WIFE'S SECRET.

BY LU.

"Now, Eliza, after such a delightful wedding holiday as we have had, would it not be a good time to tell me your secret?"

A young and happy-looking couple were seated at breakfast, on the morning after their short honeymoon trip, when this question was asked.

"A better time, dear James, could not be chosen, but would you really like to hear it now?"

"Why not? The sooner we begin to act upon it the better."

"That is true, James, but would you not prefer to find it out for yourself?"

"Oh, I have been trying to guess ever since you first told me of it. Perhaps, Eliza, it is no secret after all?"

"I assure you that it is; and a most valuable one, too."

"Is it much known?"

"Well, dear, I can hardly say; but judging from appearances, I should think not."

"How came you to know it?"

"I learnt it from my mother; she often told me that all her happiness was owing to it. Were she alive now she would witness its effect to us."

"You quite puzzle me, Eliza; it must be something extraordinary if, as you say, it prevents man and wife ever having a second quarrel. You may as well tell me at once."

"I am quite ready to tell you, James; but I am sure that your pleasure will be greater in finding it out yourself. Fortune favors the persevering."

"Ah, I know now; you mean that we are to count a hundred; or fill our mouth with water; or twirl a chain; or some such way of getting cool when we happen to get angry."

"No, James, none of these; it is much more certain, and attended with better effects."

"Perhaps you mean that we should shut ourselves up in different rooms, or not speak to one another for a week?"

"No, dear James, nothing so cruel as that. Heaven forbid that we should ever be driven to such extremities. By persevering in my secret, we shall always love one another as truly as we do now. Our trust in one another will increase; and the longer we live the happier we shall be. You will very likely say that it is no secret after all, now that I tell you: The surest way to avoid a second quarrel is never to have a *first*!"

"Capital!" exclaimed James, laughing; "I will stick to that with all my heart." He would have liked to prolong the conversation, but the wedding holiday was over, and he wished to be punctual at work. So taking up his hat he imprinted a good-bye kiss on his wife's rosy lips, resolving, as he went out, to put her secret into practice.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.—People know not what they lose by a surly and overbearing spirit. Kindness is the only way to soften the heart, and make all our friends who were before our enemies. Here is an anecdote in illustration. The horse of a gentleman happening to stray into the road, a neighbor put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done, and added, "If ever I catch him in the road hereafter, I'll do so again."

"Neighbor," replied the other, "not long since I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in my field. I drove them out, and shut them in your yard. I'll do it again!" Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself.

DUPES, indeed, are many; but, of all dupes, there is none so fatally situated as he who lives in undue terror of being duped.

To neglect at any time preparation for death, is to sleep on our post at a siege; but to omit it in old age, is to sleep at an attack.

THE tears of affection are dew-drops from the blue sky of the soul.

NEWS OF INTEREST

IT is rumored that the fall season will see women apparently clad in coats of mail, a fine network covering corsage and overskirt, heavy with closely-wrought steel beads; and when, in addition to this, the fronts of hats are ornamented in a similar manner, helmet-wise, the effect can be imagined.

A GREAT international trial of reaping machines has just taken place in France. The leading American, French, Belgian, and English makers were represented, but in all the trials the first prize was awarded to Messrs. Howard, of Bedford, England. The Americans took a second place. Neither the French nor the Belgians obtained a prize.

THE SIXTH TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPHIC CABLE is about to be laid, and the Great Eastern is about to cross the Atlantic to begin the task. This cable will be laid from Newfoundland to Ireland, it being the first instance in which the work of Atlantic cable laying has begun from the American side. This cable is owned by the Anglo-American Company, which already operates three others.

IN regard to the means or possibility of deciding the sex of eggs, much difference of opinion exists. But M. Genin, in a communication to the French academy of sciences on this subject, states that he is now able, after having investigated the matter carefully for several years, to state with assurance that all eggs containing the germ of males have wrinkles on their smaller ends, while female eggs are smooth at the extremities.

TWO letters were recently put in evidence in a breach of promise case in London, which bear a strong resemblance to the "chops and tomato sauce" of Mr. Pickwick. The defendant was a lodger in the house of his affianced's parents, and, being absent on one occasion, he wrote her and tenderly advised her "to take some beer every day;" also, that "he left his tooth-brush, which she could use until his return." Such proofs of affection induced the jury to return a verdict for the lady, damage $1250.

FEARS are expressed for the safety of Temple Bar, in London. The immense edifice is settling toward the north. Should the great arch fall, almost at any hour, there would inevitably be a terrible smash of human beings, horses, and carriages, all mingled together, besides the minor evil of closing the main approach to the city for weeks. William Bardwell, an architect, calls for an immediate removal of the dilapidated and obstructing building, as the only means of averting a fatal catastrophe in its anticipated fall.

THE young women in the London University are competing for university honors with the young men, not only in the lighter, but in the higher branches of study. At the recent commencement the first prize in jurisprudence was awarded to a young woman who, two years ago, won the first prize in political economy. The second prize in jurisprudence was won by another young woman, and others obtained honors in political economy and the fine arts. Notwithstanding these successes the women are not admitted to degree examinations with the men.

THE latest and most plausible plan brought forward for running street cars in cities without the aid of horses is a foreign device, in which the motive power used is an arrangement of powerful springs, encased in cylinders like watch springs, of course, on a very large scale, and the application of which to the cars now employed is said to be extremely simple and easy. These springs are wound up by small stationary steam engines at each terminus of the line, and when so wound up will propel the cars, even with stoppages, for a longer distance than any existing line of this kind extends. The action is reversible, the application of the brake power is in every respect satisfactory, and the working of the whole thing is pronounced a success.

A CURIOUS point of inquiry among zoologists has been, for a long time, how many eggs there are in the ovary of a hen. To determine this a German naturalist a short time since instituted some careful investigations, the result of which showed the ovary of a hen to contain about six hundred eggs. He also found that some twenty of these are matured the first year, about one hundred and twenty during the second year, one hundred and thirty-five during the third, one hundred and fourteen during the fourth, and during the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth years, the number decreases by twenty annually. It consequently follows that, after the fourth, or at most the fifth year, hens are no longer profitable as layers, unless it may be in exceptional instances.

AN ingenious projectile, invented by a Russian officer, is now claiming the attention of military scientists. The szaroch, as it is called, is an elongated shell, the head of which is completely spherical—a round shell upon the end of an iron cylinder. The two parts are united by a comparatively slight thickness of metal. When fired, the szaroch leaves the gun like an ordinary shell, but when it bursts the cylindrical part alone flies into pieces, while the spherical head continues its flight intact, and may ricochet for hundreds of yards further. The advantage of such a shell against artillery, for example, is very great. After bursting and scattering its fragments among the guns of the enemy, the head goes on to plunge into the infantry still further back. It is to be used in Russia, however, only for cannon of moderate size.

AN ANCIENT HOTEL.—California holds the most singular hotel in the world. It is situated between San Jose and Santa Cruz. Imagine ten immense trees, a few feet apart, and hollow inside—these are hotels—neat, breezy, and romantic. The largest tree is sixty-five feet round, and contains a sitting-room and that bureau of Bacchus wherefrom is distributed the thing that biteth and stingeth. All about this tree is a garden of flowers and evergreens. The drawing-room is a bower made from redwood, evergreens, and madona branches. For bed-chambers there are nine great hollow trees, whitewashed or papered, and having doors cut to fit the shape of the holes. Literature finds a place in a leaning stump dubbed the "Library." If it were not for that haunt of Bacchus, it is certain that the guests of this forest establishment would feel like nothing so much as dryads.

MOLASSES-CANDY CITY.

A FAIRY TALE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

"Now you stay here and play, Bobby, that's a good boy," said Bobby's big sister, Lizette; "you make mamma's head ache with your noise in the house, and if you go into the street you'll be sure to go with bad boys."

They were in the garden, where Lizette had been weeding in her flower-beds, and Bobby was sitting under an apple-tree cutting a stick with a knife that Uncle Will had given him.

Bobby reflected for a moment, then, as Lizette was walking away, he called out:

"I say, Liz., unless you give me a lot more candy, I'll go into the streets."

"I shan't give you any more candy, but you must stay where you are," replied Lizette. "You have eaten enough; too much candy is a very bad thing."

"Too much candy! there couldn't be too much candy," said Bobby, indignantly. "I wish the whole world was made of candy!"

But Lizette was out of hearing.

Bobby sat and thought for a long time how happy he should be if the world were really all candy, and he could have as much as he wanted.

All at once he was surprised to see a little old woman come hopping over the garden wall, behind the row of currant bushes; a funny, little, shriveled-up old woman, with a yellow skin, and hollow, sunken eyes. She came directly up to Bobby.

"You are a good, sensible little boy!" she said; "the only sensible person I have seen in all this miserable, foolish country. I happened to be passing by the garden wall just now, and I heard what your sister, silly creature! said to you, and what you said, and I resolved at once that you shouldn't stay where you are so cruelly treated. Not to give you enough candy, indeed! My good boy, you shall go home with me."

"Where do you live?" inquired Bobby.

"I live in Molasses-Candy City—the most beautiful—the only really beautiful place in the world."

Bobby opened his eyes very wide. That was a very nice name—Molasses-Candy City.

"It must be a good way off," said Bobby. "I never heard of it before."

"Oh, it is not so far but that we can get there before sunset," answered the little old woman.

Bobby rose and put his hand in here, and said he was ready, without a moment's hesitation. Would any sensible little boy have hesitated to go to a city with such a name as that? Not one with a tooth like Bobby's, certainly.

They walked down to the railroad depot together, and took the train. They rode a long, long way—it seemed to Bobby almost to the end of the world—but yet it was not sunset when the conductor called out, "Molasses-Candy City!" and the old lady took Bobby by the hand, and led him out of the train.

Bobby rubbed his eyes, and pinched himself to see if he really were Bobby. For what do you think? The pavement on which he walked was made of great lozenges instead of bricks, and the houses on either side were built in the fashion of log houses, with great squares of candy instead of stone. The churches, too, were built in the same way, and their steeples were studded thickly with all kinds and colors of sugar-plums. You may be sure it was a very pretty sight to see them sparkling in the sunshine; and Bobby's eyes grew as large as saucers, and his mouth fairly watered.

"Can't you get some of them down?" he asked the old lady, eagerly.

"Bless your heart, you poor, starved creature! I can't get those down—it wouldn't do to pull the church to pieces, if I could, you know; but you shall have all you can possiby eat. Supper will be all ready when we get home."

Very soon the old lady stopped before one of the candy houses, and Bobby followed her in. Three or four little girls ran to meet her in the hall; but, oh, such queer-looking little girls! Their skins were yellow and sickly-looking, and their eyes hollow and lustreless, like the little old lady's.

There were two or three grown people in the house, and they had all the same sickly look. The inside of the house was like the outside, all candy, and the furniture—chairs and tables and sofas—were all made out of candy, in the most beautiful colors imaginable.

All the family expressed the greatest surprise and admiration on seeing Bobby.

"Where in the world did you find him, aunty?" asked the girl, whom they called Bonbonetta, pinching Bobby's cheeks to see how fat they were.

"Oh, I took a trip a long way off, almost out of the world, where the heathen and savages live—where I hope none of you will ever go, my dears—and I found this poor little boy begging for candies, and his barbarous sister actually refused to give him any, saying that too much candy was a very bad thing."

"Oh!" cried Bonbonetta, lifting her hands with a look of horror, "what dreadful creatures those savages are! I have heard that they have animals that they eat—frightful creatures all covered with hair—and they live in great, coarse, clumsy houses made of bricks. I am glad you brought the poor little fellow with you. He is so pretty; he will be such a nice playmate for Juju. How mean of your sister not to give you enough candy! and how fortunate that we are going to have candy for supper!" she said to Bobby.

Another one of the girls, whom they called Caramella, now announced that supper was ready, and they all went into the dining-room.

The table was all spread—but what a queer-looking supper-table it was! There was nothing but candies upon it! On a large plate there was something that looked like a mutton chop, and Bobby, being very fond of it, was highly delighted; and much as he liked candy, he was a little disappointed when he discovered that it was only sugar made to look like mutton chop.

Then there was a dish full of what Bobby was quite sure were eggs; but when he had one on his plate, he found that it was only a ball of sugar, flavored with liqueur, to be sure, and very nice, but Bobby was so faint, that he began to long for some more substantial food. Not that he did not find it delightful to have as much candy as he wanted, but, eating so much, and so many different kinds—chocolate cream drops, and pepperminta, and great sticks of candy, and lozenges of all flavors—he had begun to have a very uncomfortable feeling in his stomach, while his hunger was not in the least satisfied.

But all the family ate very heartily, and seemed to enjoy their supper very much. And they urged Bobby to eat, continually, and seemed surprised at the smallness of his appetite.

"I thought you said you were hungry?" said Bonbonetta.

"So I am," answered Bobby; "but——"

"But what?" inquired Bonbonetta, as Bobby hesitated.

"But if you could give me a piece of bread and butter, or a slice of cold meat, I think I should like it better than so much candy," said Bobby, emboldened by hunger.

They all held up their hands in amazement, and Bonbonetta turned her little peaked nose up very high with contempt.

"I don't know what bread and butter is," she said; "but if you can't find enough to eat at our table, I think you must be very dainty."

They all looked so angry, that Bobby felt rather alarmed.

The next morning when he awoke his very first thought was of breakfast, for he wasn't used to going without his supper, or, what was quite as bad, eating a candy supper.

But, alas! there was nothing but candies for breakfast, and Bobby began to think he should starve to death.

"Oh, I am sick of candies!" he cried, pushing his chair from the breakfast table. "If I only had something awful sour!"

And just then he happened to think that he had picked up a green apple in the garden at home and put it into his pocket. He put his hand into his pocket, and there it was—a little, hard, sour, green apple. But Bobby took a great bite out of it as eagerly as he would once have done if it had been candy.

"What is that? Is it nice?" asked Bonbonetta, curiously.

"Yes, delicious!" answered Bobby. "Don't you want to taste?" and he held it out to Bonbonetta.

She took it and tasted it, but the next instant she uttered a loud scream, and fell back senseless.

"Oh, you wretch, you have killed our darling Bonbonetta!" cried the little old lady who had brought him there.

She had eaten nothing but sweet all her life, and the sour apple juice, it seemed, had killed her.

Bobby was so frightened that his hair began to stand up straight—the more so, as the screams of the family began to draw people into the house. It seemed to Bobby as if all the people who lived in Molasses-Candy City came pouring into the house. And among them were two police officers, with lozenge badges on their coats, and great sticks of candy in their hands. And they seized upon Bobby at once, when they heard what he had done, and dragged him away—to prison Bobby thought they would carry him. But much worse than that was in store for him. He had yet to learn, more fully than he had, that everything in Molasses-Candy City was not sweet.

The officers dragged him away to a public square, crowds of people following. They tied him to a tall post, a great candy cannon was planted in front of him, and, while Bobby shook in every limb with terror, the cannon went off with an awful noise, a sour ball came whizzing through the air, and struck him on the forehead, and——

Bobby woke up, with a great start, to find himself under the apple tree in the garden, and to find that the cannon ball was only his brother Ben's rubber ball that Ben had just thrown at his head.

And it was all a dream!

"Ho! I'd be ashamed to be sleeping in the daytime, like a baby," cried Ben, making his appearance.

"I haven't been asleep!" cried Bobby, indignantly, sitting up and rubbing his eyes open. "I've been to Molasses-Candy City!"

"My!" said Ben. "I should think that must be a nice place. I would not have come back if I had been you."

"I am glad I am back," muttered Bobby to himself; but he didn't say anything more to Ben, because Ben always made fun of him.

"You ate too many sweets" said Lizette, when he had related all his adventures to her, "and that made you have a bad dream."

Bobby concluded that Lizette was right; and I am too happy to say that he was careful never to eat too many sweets again, so he never made a second trip to Molasses-Candy City.

YOU CAN'T PLEASE EVERYBODY.

"If you please," said the Weathercock to the Wind, "turn me to the south. There is such a cry-out against the cold, that I am afraid they'll pull me down if I stop much longer in this north quarter."

So the wind flew from the south, and the sun was master of the day, and rain fell abundantly.

"Oh, please to turn me from the south," said the Weathercock to the Wind again. "The potatoes will all be spoilt, and the corn wants dry weather, and while I am here *rain it will*, and, what with the heat and the wet, the farmers are just mad against me."

So the Wind shifted into the west, and there came soft drying breezes day after day.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said the Weathercock, "here's a pretty *to-do!* such evil looks as I get from eyes all round me the first thing every morning. The grass is getting parched up, and there is no water for the stock; and what is to be done? Do turn me somewhere else."

Upon which the Wind grew very angry, and with a fierce puff sent the Weathercock into the east.

"What do they say to you, now?" he asked.

"What!" cried the Weathercock; "why, everybody has caught cold, and everything is blighted—that's what they say; and there isn't a misfortune that happens but somehow or other they lay it to the east wind."

"Well!" cried the Wind, "let them find fault; I see it is impossible for you and me to please everybody, so in future I shall *blow* where I like, and you shall *go* where I like, without asking any questions."

THE DAISY'S SECRET.

BY JULIA C. BENNETT.

"Tell me, Daisy, tell me, truly,
Does he love me? yes or nay?"
And the blushing face was bending
Toward the earth where Daisy lay.

"For he whispered softly to me,
As the moonbeams gently fell,
Words that filled my heart with gladness,
Words I cannot, cannot tell.

"And the flowers seemed brighter, fairer,
Than they had in days of yore,
While the streamlet seemed to murmur,
'Sunshine ever—weep no more!'

"But they tell me he is faithless—
That my heart was but his toy;
Tell me, Daisy, tell me, quickly,
Shall my soul drink grief or joy?"

But the Daisy had not answered,
Ere a voice spoke low and clear,
"I am here, and waiting, darling,
For the heart I prize most dear."

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE;

OR,

The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON,

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," "OAKLANDS," ETC.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW MRS. DANVERS.

"Is it not time Eugene should come?"

The little ivory clock upon the mantel chimed the hour of three; and a solemn silence fell once more upon the stately furniture and its surroundings.

The room was a magnificent one, in whatever light you viewed it. The lavish display of wealth in every article, from the ottoman carpet, to the loops of the lace curtains, was as regal as the imperial chambers of the Tuileries. The taste in their arrangement was exquisite. The general harmony perfect.

There were two occupants of this apartment, a lady and a gentleman. The lady sat in a crimson velvet fauteuil to the left of the fire. She was richly dressed, in a robe of black Genoese velvet, with an Indian cashmere shawl about her shoulders, and some costly laces, of a century's age, about her neck. You would have judged her to be between fifty and sixty years of age, well preserved, by means of the comforts of gold and the palliatives of warm weather; rather pretty to look upon still, a lady by birth, training and refinement.

The other was a man, some ten years her senior, hale hearty, robust; a man whom any sharp adventurer would have sworn from his very mien, to be a person of affluence and position, though he had met him away from every suggestive surrounding. A fine, open face, something florid, and strongly marked now, yet indicative of perhaps a remarkable degree of regular beauty in its youth; a head with a full crown of silver hair, and a broad, benignant, intellectual brow. Such was Philip Danvers, the owner of the princely residence at which we must introduce some of the dramatis personæ of our story.

"Is it not time for Eugene and his wife to come?"

The lady had repeated the question, when the gentleman raised his eyes from the paper he held in his hands, lowered his massive gold spectacles an inch upon his nose, as though he could see her better above them, and replied:

"It has struck three, and the train is due at ten minutes to the hour. Were Eugene coming alone, he would undoubtedly have been here. But you will remember, if you please, that he has a wife with him, a bride you know, my dear, and that consequently she must have a dozen or so of trunks, which she is entirely unwilling to trust to the baggage master, sequitur; Eugene must overlook them all. Result in which you are most interested, he will be delayed a quarter of an hour."

The lady looked thoughtfully at the jewels upon her thin, aristocratic fingers.

"I am so anxious to see her," she said.

"You mistook the gender of your pronoun. You meant Eugene, did you not, my dear?"

"Pshaw! Mr. Danvers. Will you never grow too old to badger me about my abstractions? My first concern is about Eugene, of course, but I spoke of his wife at the moment. I want to see her, to read of the nature of her heart from her face. Pictures tell us next to nothing. We know from them, and from Eugene's descriptions of her, that she must be very beautiful. But has she a heart of which fashionable women now-a-days seem singularly devoid? And will she make my dear boy happy? These are the doubts that perplex me."

"I don't see why they should," replied her husband. "She is undoubtedly beautiful as you say—a heavenly gift that will cover a multitude of faults in Eugene's eyes, or those of any other man. He has found her pedigree good, though she was the daughter of a gentleman of ruined fortunes. What more could you ask?"

"Some little knowledge of her disposition and temper."

"Are not the majority of the ladies pretty much alike in that respect, my dear?" asked Mr. Danvers, with a mischievous smile. "At least I have found them so."

"Perhaps the lines have fallen to you in pleasant places," replied Mrs. Danvers, gravely. "For poetry was never couched in stronger truth, Philip, than in those lines of Tennyson,

'Men differ more and most, as heaven and earth;
Women best and worst as heaven and hell.'"

"Well," responded her husband, cheerfully, "as we have no Delphic, or Dodonic oracles now-a-days, to prognosticate for us, we must even be content to bide the revelations of time. But there are the carriages; and, yes, I hear dear Eugene's cheerful voice. My dear, I think it is beginning to storm, and the atmosphere is bitterly cold outside; you had better not go to the door."

They had both risen to their feet at the first sound of voices without, but ere Mr. Danvers himself had had time to reach the door, a tall, fair, handsomely-dressed young man, with a lady upon his arm, had hurried into the room.

"Ma, ma, where are you?"

"My darling, darling Eugene."

"There mother; this is right. Miriam must give you the first kiss. Well this is my wife. She is to be your daughter, you know, and she will prove such a comfort to you. Two children now instead of one. You've been entreating me to marry for several years past, and I have at length obliged you. Miriam, queen of my soul, throw aside your veil, that they may see how lovely you are at a single *coup d'œuil*, but that is impossible."

He had first kissed his mother, talking all the while, and had half thrust his wife in her arms. Then turning, he looked up at his father, and clasped his hand with a herculean gripe.

"I am so glad to be back, with all the fuss and weary of travel quite over for the present. I am afraid you all have been very lonely; and I haven't written as often as I should have done, but we'll talk everything over, Miriam and my mother, you and I, in sober good fashion. I'm done roaming now, and am going to become a good citizen."

"Amen!" said Mr. Danvers the elder, very earnestly, as his step-daughter having escaped from the anxious mother's embrace, moved down upon him now with queenly grace, while he caught her small extended hand tightly in his own, and stooped to press a hearty kiss upon her lips. "If you can effect that change in him, madam, your power will indeed be great, for I am sure Dr. Livingstone, at heart, was not a more interested explorer of outlandish scenes and customs."

"It will not do for me to condemn him," said the bride, in her soft deliberate staccato, "as my present position is the result of his Odysseys. You remember that he met me in Egypt."

It was well enough said and Danvers, *pere*, looked down at her with earnest scrutiny for the moment. Not very far down, either, for this daughter, too, was of the "divinely tall," lithe and graceful in figure, dark browed and eyed, with pearly teeth, just gleaming beyond her scarlet lips.

"She is outwardly beautiful, certainly," was Mr. Danvers' mental reflection, with a sigh of relief. "We may be proud of her appearance anywhere."

What would he not have given at that moment for one glance beyond that pearl-white skin, and those great fathomless eyes, at the heart that lay beneath them. Was he ever to know its whole history? Would she sit at his knee, in the future, a daughter, indeed, and unfold to him, in childish innocence, all her past experiences?

"Yes," continued Eugene, with a restless anxiety to set these other three at their ease, for his fine sense told him that, refined as his parents were, they would have liked something just a little more demonstrative in their only son's wife, and that accordingy the least bit of ice was freezing between them now. "You will see that she has effected this, with many other changes for the better, in me. So we will plant our banners here in good faith, and cry 'Alabama!'"

He had placed a chair for his wife, and she had taken it with faultless grace, while glancing with furtive interest about her.

Eugene had turned once more towards his mother, and perceiving that her anxious eyes were fastened in involuntary admiration upon his wife, he passed his arm affectionately about her, and gave her, this time, a kiss of gratitude.

"Eugene, where is Cecil?"

It was young Mrs. Danvers who spoke, turning her dark eyes suddenly, as though she had forgotten something, upon her husband.

"Ah! as I live, we had well-nigh forgotten the dear child! And it is so cold, too. Where is Allaine?"

"Here, sir. Master Cecy was so naughty, I had to open his basket of toys outside, to pacify him."

A little, dark woman, in a complete gray traveling suit, entered the room at the moment, bearing a small boy, perhaps some three years of age, in her arms; a spoiled, wilful, beautiful boy, with eyes like those of the new Mrs. Danvers, and a well-shaped head, clustered over with bright golden curls.

"Mamma," said Eugene, again; it seemed to be his turn nearly always to be spokesman. "I had well-nigh forgotten one part of the ceremony of presentation, but thank heaven he is not old enough to take offence at such unintentional neglect; so let me present, for your kind consideration, Master Cecil Dupre."

The elder Mrs. Danvers arose with prompt courtesy from her seat, and smiling, held out her arms to this little stranger, as though she were not in the least bit surprised at his appearance, when the astonishment of a curious person, in her position, would have been unbounded; for she was quite sure that the name and history of the child whom Eugene seemed to know so well, were entirely unknown so her.

"You are very welcome, Master Dupre, as a friend of Mr. Eugene Danvers," said the old lady, smiling blandly. "Will you not come to me and tell me how I can serve you?"

"No," said the child, with a pout of his crimson lips, while he lifted his toy pistol in a threatening attitude. "I don't know you. I don't like old folks, and ugly folks. I want my pretty ma and my new pa, and they came off and left me."

"Cecil, my son," said the new Mrs. Danvers, in her laziest tones, "you are a very bad boy, and I shall have to punish you. Madam, you must forgive him. It is Eugene who has spoiled him to this extent."

Mr. Philip Danvers had risen from his chair and made two strides forward, his dark brows contracted, and his whole face lit up with angry astonishment. He had half turned his back upon his son's wife as though to ignore her presence altogether. He kept his eyes fixed upon Eugene, while the flat interrogation broke from his lips in a louder, sterner tone than Philip Danvers had ever been known to use in addressing a member of his family.

"What child is that?"

"It's my wife's son," replied Eugene, formally, yet lifting his head with a touch of the old Danvers' pride.

"Your wife's son?"

"I said so, distinctly."

"How came she by it?"

"Father!" cried Eugene, warningly.

"You should answer my question, boy."

"I do not understand you, sir. This child is the offspring of your daughter's former marriage."

"Stop! I command you!"

The old man breathed with difficulty. He shook himself like one awakening from a troubled sleep. He looked like a man under sudden sentence of death, striving for his manhood's sake to brace himself for the ordeal, and obtain thorough control of all his faculties. At length he spoke again.

"Did you not write us that you were marrying a daughter of Hunter Roscoe, of Cairo?"

"I did."

"It was not true."

"Father!" said Eugene again, warningly. But the next moment his bright, trusting face broke into a heartily amused smile. "Ah, I see," he cried, gaily. "Miriam, my beloved, pray be composed. My father is as much a stranger to me this evening as he could be to you. He is alarmed for the honor of the family."

"I have reason to be."

"Ha, ha," laughed Eugene. "It is the very richest joke. If it were any one else but my father; and the affair were just a little bit less comic, I should be angry. But it is all my fault. I am so careless. Anxious that you should know the pedigree of the woman I married, I wrote you that she was the daughter of Hunter Roscoe, with whose private history and public career I knew you were intimately acquainted. But I neglected entirely, as I now remember, Miriam, to state that you had ever been a wife. He had got it so firmly fixed in his mind that you are now a bride for the first time, that Cecil appeared to him a moral impossibility."

"It is you who are deceived," said Mr. Danvers, though in calmer tones. "You have *married the daughter of Douglas Roscoe*."

Eugene looked from his wife to his mother, with a completely bewildered expression.

"This is a rather novel state of affairs," he said, half angrily—as near an approach to ill-humor as Eugene had ever been known to indulge in. "When another party insists to a man that he knows better who his wife is than he does himself."

"I do."

"One moment, if you please, and I think I can settle this misunderstanding."

It was Mrs. Miriam Danvers who now spoke. She had risen with haughty, negligent grace, and drawing near to her husband she laid her hand caressingly on his arm. She seemed of all the little party the only thoroughly composed individual there, for even the closest observer would scarcely have noticed the faint deepening tinge upon her cheeks, or the shadow that was not always there in her deep, luminous eyes.

Had Mr. Danvers glanced at Allaine, the maid, he could not have failed to observe that her lips were ashen in hue and parted with an expression of fear, or eager curiosity; but he was evidently too much absorbed on his own thoughts to give a moment's attention to any, save the trio immediately about him who bore his own name, and who were, therefore, the more intimately concerned in the result of his investigations. He now turned for the first time and bowing with exquisite politeness to his daughter-in-law, modulated his tone until it was courtly in deference.

"Madam, I listen with attention, I shall be most happy to hear you."

"Mr. Danvers," began the old lady, who had been for the time quite dumbfounded by the turn affairs had taken, "is not this seeming court of investigation rather out of place—especially at this late day with our dear Eugene's wife?"

"Pardon me, mother," replied Miriam Danvers, in her most bewitching accents. "I have come into your house, a stranger to you both; and he has a perfect right to ask such questions of me or my husband, irrespective of what good taste might suggest as to time or place."

Mr. Danvers felt the rebuke conveyed in her closing remark, and his proud face colored under it; but he did not abate his respectfully questioning attitude one tittle.

"You and my husband are both right," she continued, lifting her bewilderingly beautiful eyes full into Mr. Danvers' face, "and yet neither of you, perhaps, are as fully posted as you think. My father's name was *Douglas Hunter* Roscoe. He was a first-cousin of that Hunter Roscoe who once figured somewhat in this country and in England, and afterwards in Cairo. My father was concerned with him in business all his life—was the real power behind the throne in all his transactions—was with him in Cairo until his death, and was always called Hunter by my mother, until I scarcely remember that he had any other christian name."

"Yet he was known as Douglas Roscoe by his friends."

"He may have been, elsewhere, to distinguish him from his cousin, but I did not know it."

"And your husband was Sergeant Louis Dupre?"

"My husband was Colonel Reynard Dupre."

"Of the French chasseurs?"

"Of the French chasseurs."

A flash as of confusion, or of humiliation passed over Mr. Danvers' face. A gleam of triumph flashed for one moment in the eyes of his daughter-in-law.

"I can't see how it is," said Mr. Danvers. "There was another Douglas Roscoe that I did not know. Did he have a daughter, also, and did she—that is you—marry Reynard Dupre? The one of whom I knew something, married Louis Dupre."

"The daughter of one Douglas Roscoe did marry a Louis Dupre, I believe. I did not know those cousins of mine. I married, as I say, Colonel Reynard Dupre." This time her lips were a little compressed.

"Then I have to beg your pardon," said Mr. Danvers, a little bluntly. "It was a household whose family affairs were always rather tangled, and I had kept the run of only a part of them. I once knew well the Douglas Roscoe whose daughter married Louis Dupre, and I must be guilty of another rudeness, madam, by telling you that the less you know of them the better for you. You both must pardon me. Eugene—as he says—was at fault, in not having informed us more thoroughly. I believed until a moment ago, that he had wedded the daughter of that Hunter Roscoe whose wife was Elizabeth Caldwell, of England."

"I am sorry to be held responsible for these not unnatural errors. My mother was the widow of a French officer, Charles Desaieur, when she married my father. I excuse you, sir, very readily. I understand the natural interest that you must feel in all that concerns your son's happiness. Dear Eugene, that child is perfectly unbearable. I am sure you will be kind enough to instruct some one to show Allaine a room to which she can take him at once."

"My dear," said Mrs. Danvers, the elder, determined not to be at all put out even by the unexpected addition of Master Cecil to her orderly household, "you both must be anxious to change your traveling apparel and refresh yourselves before dinner. So, anxious as I am to cultivate my daughter's acquaintance, I will not detain her now. You wrote me that you preferred your old suite of apartments. I hope you both will find them to your taste, or you can effect alterations at your leisure. Miriam, of course, can choose rooms for her attendant and this very pretty little boy. I hope, Master Cecy, we shall grow to be quite friends."

Astonished herself, she seemed to be painfully anxious to make amends for the discourtesy of which her husband had been too plainly guilty; for his conduct had been to her the most surprising feature of the case. Eugene's handsome face, too, wore a pained and startled look. Miriam alone seemed cheerful and forgiving.

"You are very kind," she replied, in her blandest accents. "I assure you Cecil is not in the habit of behaving as he has done to-day, and he will not repeat it. Allaine will soon make him ashamed of what he has done. And now, with your permission, I will withdraw. I am rather wearied with the dust of travel, and am, I fear, scarcely presentable. I hope we shall each learn to love one another very much." She turned her full eyes rather pleadingly towards Mr. Danvers, smiled and bowed with lively grace, kissed the old lady, and taking Eugene's arm passed out of the room and down the long hall, up the richly carpeted stairway, whose columns were crowned with statuettes from the chisel of the rarest sculptors.

"Eugene, your father was very rude."

"I know it, dearest. I cannot imagine what possessed him. I am sure he is at this moment deeply sorry. And you bore it all so sweetly, so much like your own angelic, queenly self, my own. Yet rest assured, not even from my father, would I allow such a thing to be repeated again."

"You would, to oblige me. I was not at all offended. I like pride, even though it should border on insolence. He is a noble, chivalrous looking old gentleman. Do you think, dear"—facing him suddenly—"that his mind may not be just a little touched by some infirmity since you saw him?"

"Oh! no! no!" said Eugene, in undisguised astonishment. "Some old report. Something of a startlingly unusual nature has ruffled him. He will tell us some day, I dare say."

He led her through several apartments—the same rather rare combination of splendor and exquisite refinement meeting her everywhere—until they came to that which Eugene had selected as their own chamber.

"Had I been here to direct in person this could not have pleased me half so well," she exclaimed, with childish gayety; and such praise was reward enough for him, as he looked at her and thought what an ornament she was to all the splendors about them.

"Here," he continued, opening a door that led into a perfect little gallery of all the fine arts, "you will find your boudoir, where you shall secure a retreat even from me when I grow tiresome, as I am afraid I sometimes shall. And there," pointing to another set of apartments just across a little passage, "Allaine and Cecil can find their domicile, and indoor playgrounds if it so please you."

She looked over all with gracious approbation; saw the child and nurse established in their own quarters; gave some brief directions to the latter; kissed the former, and went back to her husband.

In a few moments, her baggage having been all conveniently stored, she pleaded fatigue and withdrew to her dressing-room alone. She quickly removed her traveling-dress, and donning a loose robe of delicately tinted plush, threw herself upon an ottoman before the fire. For some moments she neither opened her eyes nor moved in the slightest degree, until anyone looking at her would certainly have imagined her fallen asleep. At length, however, she rose to a half sitting position—restless, anxious thought depicted in every feature.

"I told him the truth and half deceived him," she muttered. "And his suspicions, I see, are only partially lulled. What an inquisitor he would have made in the middle ages? He is not done with this matter, I plainly perceive. Eugene, poor, doating fool, suspects nothing; but how shall I escape him? How shall I escape?"

She got up and paced the floor, with her hands crossed above her head, until the monotonous action wearied her; when, catching a glimpse of her flitting figure, she turned and walked up to the large mirror that had attracted her attention.

"I have grown old and worn in the last hour!" she exclaimed, angrily. "Why should I worry? My good luck will follow me. The gipsies told me truth, I believe, when they declared in my childhood that my life would be always fortunate yet always restless. Philip Danvers evidently knows more than I would ever have imagined. How does he obtain his information in these later years, and how am I to prevent him from further discoveries? That wretched woman—but no! I will never think that; it is too impossible. I am so fatigued that I am incapable even of conjectures. I will summon my maid and try a bath."

And she took up a silver bell within reach and rang it vigorously.

CHAPTER V.

MR. DANVERS, THE ELDER, STILL UNCONVINCED.

Mr. Philip Danvers, left alone with his wife, stood for a moment in rather awkward embarrassment. The lady was the first to recover.

"Philip," she said, "you were almost rude, my dear. I was never so taken aback in my life. What could you know of those people? I am sure you quite frightened poor Eugene's wife."

"I am sorry if I did; she seemed quite collected, though."

"She is not the person you fancied she might be?"

"She says not."

"And who could know so well as herself."

"No one, I confess. Yet I was filled with dark forebodings for Eugene, lest his rash, impetuous generosity should have hurried him into some irrevocable difficulty. Women are deep strategists sometimes."

"Yet, a while ago you were declaring them all alike. Mr. Danvers, what has come over you so suddenly? Are you dreaming?"

"I hope I have been."

"You must believe her, for Eugene's sake."

"Yes, I know."

"And you have no reason to doubt," continued Mrs. Danvers, thinking to convince by the positive tone of her assertions. "Eugene has found out all that it is necessary to know, you may depend. How came you to imagine that she was her cousin?"

"I had never heard of any other."

"Well there might be some people as far off as Cairo, my dear, that you did not know."

"True, my dear Margaret," replied Mr. Danvers, recovering in a measure his natural manner, "Your arguments are convincing. I was very wrong, but I was startled into it."

"She was very amiable and did not take offence, so you must do her and yourself justice by being yourself at dinner. But what was there so terrible about the cousin of whom you speak?"

"Of the woman herself I am glad to say that I know little, and that little by report; but the story of her parents is blackened with infamy from beginning to end. I hope I shall have no need to recall it, even in thought, so let us dismiss the subject."

"With all my heart; but we may talk of Eugene's wife. She is beautiful, is she not?"

"Yes."

"Well, as in that he has not overrated her. Let us hope that his discernment has been equally fine in every other respect."

"Amen, from the bottom of my heart."

"She is certainly graceful in manner, and evidently cultivated."

"I grant you."

"What is it, then, that you do not like?"

"I have not said that I disliked anything, since I have found out that I was mistaken in my first supposition."

"No, but your expression is not one of satisfaction."

"The fault of my temper or digestion, perhaps. You must not interrogate me too closely. That is a bad boy of hers to begin with."

"All intelligent children are bad, Mr. Danvers. I feel sorry for the poor little fatherless fellow."

"Humph! Eugene will be a deal kinder to him than his own father would have been, I dare say, and I think with all necessary deprecation of self, that he has got into quarters which some boys with very good fathers might be disposed to envy. But he is a vicious boy. I saw it in his face when he spoke to you."

"Oh, Mr. Danvers. In a child of that age? I am afraid you are allowing the most unreasonable prejudices to take possession of you. Do, for all our sakes, struggle against it."

"It shall never again be expressed in word or look, unless the most unreasonable of circumstances should call it forth. I hope she may prove so amiable that I shall never have to refer to Pickwick again to see what Tony Weller says upon the subject of widows."

"Ah! you do not like her being a widow."

"I should have imagined a young girl more to Eugene's taste."

"Well there is something a little unromantic to the young fancy about a person who has had another husband or wife, but some of the greatest men that have ever lived have thought just as our boy has done. Washington married a widow, so did Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Ah! true. How could I be so forgetful of such illustrious examples for my comfort, when they are held up for all the world to imitate. Did Eugene mention her age?"

"She was twenty-six when he married her, and he, as you know, twenty-seven."

"Well, Margaret, I believe I will go to my smoking room."

"I will remain here, and perhaps take a nap in my chair before the dinner bell disturbs us, which will not be long now, remember."

"I shall be ready, so *au revoir*, and pleasant dreams," and Mr. Danvers bowed to his lady with courtly politeness, and passed out. Crossing his reading room, he turned into a little alcove to the right, and sinking into an arm chair, lit a manilla from which he began to puff clouds of smoke about him with a vigorous effort.

That done, he rested a few moments and passed into his dressing-room to prepare for dinner, and his preparations were hardly concluded when the bell sounded. He hurried out, and was just crossing the hall when Eugene and his wife came up. Mr. Danvers, the father, turned with his best smile, and offered her his arm.

"Eugene," he said, "you will look for your mother, and leave me to take charge of Miriam. I did not think there was room for improvement when you came in first, yet you dazzle me afresh. This professes to be a rather fastidious city of ours upon the subject of beauty, but I am confident you will meet all demands."

"Ah! I see now where Eugene learned his subtle arts of flattery," said the young wife, looking up into his face with her brightest smile.

"Not from me, I assure you, and our positions would scarcely warrant me in the use of idle compliment. No, before I learn to love you as a daughter, which however much I might desire to do at present, it would be scarcely natural to expect, until we know each other better, I can be dispassionately critical."

Was there a deeper meaning to these words than the mere language itself would imply, and did he mean for her to understand that she had yet to make him learn to trust and love her?

She was secretly wondering, when Eugene came up again, and they all passed into the dining-hall.

There were no invited guests, but the dinner was as stately an affair as could have been imagined. The massive silver service reflected her image at every turn, like so many mirrors, and the white-gloved waiters, dumb as Eastern mutes, moved about like clockwork. The fare was such as the combined markets of the world afford, and young Mrs. Denvers ate with a keen relish at which romance of the puling order might again have scoffed. The lady of the house was delighted, and the conversation rapidly lost all undue stiffness and formality. Mr. Danvers himself forgot his suspicions, and looked at her in undisguised admiration, at sight of which Eugene's face brightened until it was almost radiant. Any one could see that his happiness was perfect.

There was to be a grand reception that night and, dinner finished, the young wife could lose no time. A more elaborate toilette was to be gone through again, and with polite excuses she returned to her own rooms. Eugene lingered for a moment.

"Are you disappointed, mamma?"

"Yes, agreeably so. Mr. Danvers and I were saying a while before you came down, that she was more beautiful than you had represented her, and we had been disposed to make all due allowances for a lover's partiality. I hope she was not hurt at your father's reception. He confesses to having been surprised, for once, into a *bruquerie* of manner, for which he scarcely knows how to apologize. In all my experience of him, I have never known anything like it."

"I suppose it was partly attributable to my negligence in leaving you to guess so much," replied Eugene. "But you know when one is thoroughly satisfied with himself and his surroundings, he is not apt to imagine his friends disturbed by any of that solicitude which they would naturally feel if he were in a position of doubt or peril, and hence very rarely troubles himself to go into details. But we need not remember it longer, as we know it will not be repeated, for Miriam has the gentlest and most forgiving disposition in the world."

"And then," said Mrs. Danvers, smiling fondly upon her son, "her manners are as prepossessing as her face. You need give yourself no uneasiness, Eugene, I am sure we shall learn to love her very much."

Was Mr. Danvers, the elder, equally as confident?

By no manner of means.

He had felt the witchery of the strange woman's manner, while she looked him in the face, and sat and talked to him, as all men, old or young, devout or Bohemian in nature, were sure to do, and as the perfumed air that encompassed her swept over him when she passed, even he felt something of that impulse which had prompted thousands of others to swear by her, as a divinity.

But when she had passed from his sight, the look of perplexity, of fear, of anger, almost of dismay, that had come over him after the first moment of greeting on their arrival, returned to his countenance once more, and with a hurried apology to his wife and to Eugene, who were still sipping their wine, he withdrew to his private reading-room.

He knew he would be quite secure from intrusion here, for even she who had been the wife of his bosom for forty years, had not intruded upon him half a dozen times in such a period, and then only in the rarest emergencies. Nevertheless he took the precaution to lock the door carefully behind him, and paced the floor once or twice, with all the anxiety which he had been striving to repress, but too plainly visible upon his countenance.

"My God!" he muttered, at last, with a groan, "how strange that the follies, the madness of my own youth should pursue me thus! Eugene is as blindly trusting as I was; and, just heaven! what will be his awakening! If my suspicions be true, it were better for him that a millstone were tied about his neck and he cast into the sea. To catch her in a falsehood would be to convict her. Did she tell me the truth?"

He went to a buhl writing desk at the farthest extremity of the room, and unlocking the doors, drew up his chair and seated himself like a man who has an imperative but severely disagreeable duty to perform. He took out several documents from a secret drawer, and read them eagerly through, without apparently arriving at any more definite conclusion.

"I had fancied that a careful re-perusal of Guy Fisher's letter would have enabled me to decide," he continued, "but there is still only a foreshadowing of the evil here. He writes, at the close of his unusually rambling epistle—'And so Eugene Danvers is actually married to Roscoe's daughter, and you gave your consent; but I presume you had discernment enough, with all your fondness, to see that he was a chip off the old block, and that where once he had determined, opposition would have rendered him the more obstinate. Your daughter-in-law, as I understand, inherits the fatal beauty and graces of mother and father. We can only hope that her nature may correspond with these other gifts, and that your son's future life may be without the storms that have desolated, as with a hurricane, that of almost all, without exception, of those who have allied themselves with her race.' I can imagine your anxiety.'

"This reads," pursued Mr. Danvers, "as though he imagined me in even fuller possession of her story than himself, and were eager to express, as far as he dared, the deepest sympathy that any dire disaster could elicit. It is strange that this did not strike me on its reception; but I was so fully persuaded that she was the true Hunter Roscoe's daughter, and in that case there could have been nothing specially to regret, for Eugene did not require money with a wife."

He got up and took down a file of papers from its upper shelf within the desk.

"There may be something in print to help me here," he said, and he began carefully to run down the columns of each sheet, reading here and there as some especial paragraph seemed to catch his attention. The moments flew by, and his face grew darker and sterner with each additional scrap of evidence, until the whole package had been gone over. Then he got up, shook himself, and began to walk again, staggering at first like a man who was steadying himself after a spell of drinking.

"All—all goes to confirm me," he said, "in the truth of her cool, easy assertions. Yet there are points which I cannot reconcile—evidences that do not tally. Did this woman lie to me with her false, fair, 'cold calm face?' It seems to me that I feel something of Laura Vass in the very atmosphere about me. I dare not question Eugene. It would be cruel to arouse him while the dreams may last; besides she has, of course, cheated him, as she will do the rest of us, and kept him in as profound ignorance as she could of all her past history. No, the only course left for me is to write to Guy, and ask him a few pointed questions which will set the matter at rest. Ha! the hour is late, and some of our guests must have already assembled. I must leave these thoughts until to-morrow, and hard as the task is, play the agreeable host and delighted father-in-law to a woman who, if my suspicions be true, would lay Lady Macbeth in the shade upon the boards, and would have a dagger at my heart before morning, if she thought I was to unearth her. She is my son's wife, yet, to save him, I must do it.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. MIRIAM DANVERS SURPRISED BY A VISITOR.

"If ever you made me beautiful in your life, Clare, try your hand to-night," said Mrs. Eugene Danvers, as she sat in demi-toilet on a low ottoman before her Dresden mirror, while the maid's deft fingers were passing an ivory comb through her beautiful hair, that now hung down to the carpet like a heavy mantle about her shoulders. "I have hearts to win to-night, and some evil influences, of a nature I know not exactly what, to exorcise, that would make me wish to be a very Medea."

Whether or not Clare was sufficiently versed in classical lore to understand the allusions of her mistress did not appear, and her hands continued to work. Presently, finding her lady relapsing into silence again, she ventured to remark:

"Your new home is certainly as handsome, madame, as heart could wish. I hope you find the lady and gentleman of the house entirely pleasant."

"There has been small chance to display their propensities that way so far. The mother is a pretty old lady and pleasant enough, but Eugene's father seems quite a bear. There was that, or the mastiff, aroused in him when I came in. He growled until I grew positively faint."

"That is unfortunate, certainly. What can it be?"

"He did not know of Cecil's existence until that moment, and evidently regarded him as *de trop*. This, I suppose, in addition to my own poverty as his son's wife, was rather too much for him. So make him proud of me to-night."

Growing comatose under the mesmeric influence of the manipulation about her head, Mrs. Danvers lapsed into silence for fully half an hour, when the maid had completed her work. Then she stood up and surveyed herself in the mirror, and a smile of triumph flashed over her face.

"You have surpassed yourself, Clare!" she cried with vivacity. "You are a magician. I found myself looking positively old an hour ago, and now I am fresh as Aphrodite just from the foam of the sea."

Aphrodite indeed could scarcely have been more beautiful.

"Now, Clare, you treasure," continued Mrs. Danvers, "go take charge of my little tugboat Cecil, and send Allaine to finish my toilette. No woman was ever so fortunate in hair-dresser and *dame des robes* as I. Ah! it is only fools who do not see that *money* is the *open sesame* to all the treasures of earth!"

For the first time since we have seen her, Miriam Danvers was genuinely enthusiastic, and the spell of her beauty was weird in its influence even over the female attendant who looked on, and who had never seen such a light in her mistress' eyes or such a flush upon her cheeks.

"The world should worship you!" exclaimed Clare, without one particle of that sycophancy which usually characterizes the language of persons in her position.

"They do! *they shall!*" cried the lady again. "They must be more than human if they bow not to my sceptre! Go, I say, and send Allaine!"

The confidential maid appeared in a moment.

"One may be honest with one's self if not with others," continued Miriam, recovering her haughtiest disdain. "Tell me the truth, Allaine; did I ever look better?"

"Not even on the day when your last lord proposed," said the attendant, softly; "and now we must make your toilette *sans faute*."

"Yes, for never did I have greater need to bring all the gifts with which nature has endowed me into play."

"I agree with you, madame. There was something more than surprise in the elder Mr. Danvers' manner when he learned that you had been married before. I was quite taken aback. You turned it nicely, madame."

"Yes; but it still pursues me. I had hoped to find him in all the simplicity that ought to have come with his years. Give me my empire through but half that time and I will never murmur."

"Yet he seems as brisk and intelligent as his son."

"*Tant pis!* Yes, he has more brains in one moment than my poor Eugene could acquire in a century. What can he know? What can he have heard?"

"But too little, as it would seem, of his daughter-in-law, and perhaps too much of Madame Dupre," replied the maid.

"Silence!" cried Mrs. Danvers, stamping her foot, angrily. "Am I never to be free from the shame of that accursed alliance? It is enough that I must be questioned elsewhere; let all thoughts of it die on your lips from this hour forth. He has been buried here in this western world for the past twenty years; he can have heard nothing. It is some old story about my parents, and of which you know nothing, that he is striving to recall. Should he succeed in doing so, my position here will be more endangered than by anything in which my later years are concerned."

"Is there no way to ascertain?"

"We *must make one!*"

"In his own castle, and surrounded by strangers? It will be no easy task."

"Peace, fool! The greater the danger the greater our zeal and pride in overcoming it. Eugene is muzzled, and can be led to the shambles as I will. Then what is easier than to bribe domestics and wheedle an old man into partial or absolute confessions. I have but to keep watch, and you to be ever ready to serve me. I know my power over you, and hence I cannot fear you."

The lady looked as she spoke with smiling disdain down upon her servant, while the olive complexion of the latter grew ashen in hue, and, trembling in every limb, she threw herself on her knees before her mistress, and lifted her hands imploringly above her head.

"Spare me, dear lady! spare me! and I will serve you submissively to the death!"

Miriam Danvers smiled in wicked amazement.

"I know you will!" she said, contemptuously. "So get up, *pauvre lache*; as I said, I am not afraid to trust you. Have your wits about you now, and think what will best become me on so important an occasion."

The woman arose quickly, as commanded, and seemed but too willing to manifest her zeal by using all possible dispatch.

"Softly," said Mrs. Danvers again, after a little; "it is perhaps time I were making my appearance, and I hear my husband in the next room; but he can wait. Let the crowd be assembled, and something tired of looking at each other, before I claim their attention."

At last the finishing touch was given to her superb attire, and the doors being thrown open, she passed into her husband's presence. Eugene's raptures were unbounded, but she did not seem disposed to wait to hear them, and passing her arm through his would have moved towards the door.

"One moment, Miriam."

"But, Eugene, the latest of your guests are here ere this, and it is time we should appear."

"I shall, as I said, detain you but a moment."

Had the doting young husband looked up at that moment, he would have been startled by an ugly gleam of angry impatience in his wife's beautiful face; but she mastered it in a moment, and turned with indolent grace towards him, as he lifted a casket of pearl and gold from the cabinet within reach.

"I have something beautiful, as even you must confess, to show you, Miriam. This casket contains the finest single set of diamonds in the country. My mother sends them as a present, and begs, if you feel so disposed, that you will wear them to-night. She has had them re-set for the occasion."

He touched a spring and the casket flew open, shedding a luminous blaze of light about them. There was no feint in Miriam's delight now. She uttered a startled cry, and her laugh rang like a chime of silvery bells through the room.

"What an angel your mother is! I knew I should love her. She is like you, Eugene."

With his own honest nature full of generous impulses, he did not know how little importance those who are truly wise will attach to such expressions from the lips of those who have a motive to flatter. From supposed friend or lover, alas! how often are they the merest verbiage in all the redundancy of our language. In perfect trust Eugene caught her to his heart, to the imminent jeopardy of her faultless tunic, with its innumerable folds and puffs and costly ornaments, and pressed a kiss upon her coral mouth.

"You silly boy!" she cried, drawing back. "do you know how easily spoiled is a woman in *costume du bal*. Besides I am impatient to see the effect of these queenly jewels."

He clasped the necklace about her swan-like throat, while her own hands placed the pendants in her ears, and the tiara upon her head.

"You are like the pictures of Mary Stuart," he said admiringly, when it was done, and his wife gave a quick start.

"Never say that again. I was told that same thing once before."

"Well," replied Eugene, with a laugh, "I don't suppose your end will be quite so tragic. And I hope you will never feel like dealing with me as she did with poor Darnley. But come, our mother has been impatiently waiting for nearly an hour."

"What will your father say?"

"That the Danvers family has boasted of some beauties in its day, but his son has crowned the queen of them all."

Expectation was breathless below, yet the full realization of this advent had not been anticipated. Eugene Danvers came in with a wraith, a mist, a transfiguration of idealistic womanhood upon his arm. Necks were craned, and men and women rubbed their eyes, as though under the impression that they were being cheated by some specious vision in a panorama, and this were the *chef d'œuvre* of some skilful artifice in wax and delicate coloring; but when her graceful, lively gestures, and the notes of her soft voice fell on their ears, and they were persuaded that hers was a human, sentient form, with life like their own, their admiration knew no bounds. Poor Eugene, at the first separation, was overwhelmed with congratulations, all of which he received with but too visible delight. And in half an hour after the presentations, Miriam was hemmed in by a galaxy of distinguished men—looking like a queen on her throne, yet having them all at their ease, in the most graceful vivacious conversation.

Mr. Danvers, the elder, was another illustration of the surprising manner in which men of the world learn to mask their features, and, like Talleyrand, to make of speech the method of concealing their thoughts. He had played his part well to-night, and some of the young ladies declared that he was "quite a love" even at his age. But ever and anon, in moments of abstraction, the troubled look that had been new to him until to-day, came back in all its force, and his eyes would turn for an instant to where his daughter-in-law sat, graciously dispensing smiles and *bon mots* to the delighted circle about her.

"Does she know her mother's history, and if so, can she imagine my suspicions?" he mused. "That she has not heard of me is impossible. And if she knows all that dark history, could she be so blind as to suppose that I am ignorant of all concerning her. Or did she purposely hurry up this match, believing that when she should be once my son's wife, I must perforce put a bridle upon my tongue, and bury the dark past in oblivion, while she queens it over the rest of the world, and even over me? Could I do it? By heavens, no! for were there law in the land, Eugene should send her to the remotest corner of the earth."

Mrs. Danvers touched him on the arm.

"You are in a brown study, my dear," she whispered. "Pray arouse yourself; you are observed." Before Mr. Danvers could reply an old acquaintance had joined them.

"Madam," he said, "I have been critically examining your daughter-in-law, as she sits, *tout ensemble*, and can detect no shadow of a flaw. She is simply perfect. Questions of the kind I was about to ask are rude I know, but when they are put by an old friend, and refer to so very young a woman, still I am sure they may be pardoned, especially since she is married for the second time. Do you know her age?"

"She is twenty-six, Mr. Delamere."

"If she be the daughter of the Douglas Roscoe I fear she is, she is every hour of thirty, to my certain knowledge," muttered Mr. Danvers, "but this one train or strain of thought tortures me. She would look me in the face and lie through it, as her mother would have done. So I must be content until the truth can be ascertained through other definite sources."

"Margaret," he said, suddenly, "who is the stranger conversing with Eugene, near the door? I don't know him."

"An acquaintance of Eugene's, most probably," said the lady, composedly. "Our ages would forbid that our friends should be quite the same, Philip."

"My common sense would have forbidden me to receive that man as my friend at any time of my life, I think," he whispered. "He has the face of a brigand. Only observe the glance which he casts from time to time about the room. Looks as if he were taking an inventory of every article of *ecrin*, with a view to making off with some of them, the first moment that he can escape attention. They are coming this way. I had hoped to be spared that."

In truth, Eugene was coming directly towards them with the stranger at his side.

"Father," said the handsome, happy son, "Captain James Graham is an old acquaintance of my wife, who chances to be in the city for a few days, and not knowing how recently she has arrived, has called, believing he can gratify her with intelligence of some very intimate friends from whom the chances of fortune have entirely separated her for a time. Let me hope that you will bid him as welcome as I have done."

"I am pleased to know you, sir," said Mr. Danvers, formally. "Pray make yourself quite at home. The guests of my son should need no especial welcome from me."

Captain James Graham bowed very low in acknowledgment of the honor thus done him, shook hands, bowed again, with the sweetest of smiles to the lady of the house, and passed on. Eugene, just ahead of him, made his way, with some difficulty to his wife's chair, and leaned over her. At the first pause in the conversation he said:

"Miriam, you have an old friend here, who dares hope that your surprise will not be so very great, but that there may be room for some little pleasure at seeing him, especially as he is the bearer of tidings from some other intimate acquaintances."

She raised her eyes to his face. There was in them an expression entirely new to the gentlemen who had been watching her in admiration of their changing lights and shades for the last hour.

"Who is it?" she asked, in a careless tone.

"Captain James Graham."

"Captain James Graham! I do not know him!"

"Favor me with a glance, Mrs. Danvers," said the stranger, bowing with easy assurance at her side, "and I flatter myself that it may help you to recall some recollection of our brief but pleasant acquaintance."

She turned, as directed, and fastened her eyes upon the speaker. He was still smiling, as any one would have supposed in expectation of a startled, but cordial welcome.

Surprise her he certainly did, quite beyond even her strong habit of self-control, for over her face there came a look of agonizing, mortal terror; such as the wild animal of the chase might wear, that feels itself at last hunted down.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HERALDRY.

What is the origin of "*coats of arms?*" The words themselves are significant of the derivation. In early times, when war was the chief practice and pursuit of men, there was a privileged class which alone was entitled to wear Coat Armor. Those who wore such coats of mail, in order to distinguish themselves from other warriors in the field, were accustomed to emblazon some device upon their arms—upon their shield or helmet, for instance—and by these devices they were known in the thick press of battle, as well as by the war-cry which from time to time rallied the scattered warriors, and urged them headlong into the fight. Soldiers were not banded into regiments as now, but followed the banner of their chiefs; and the banner, like the shield, bore the device of the house. The emblazonment of the coat of arms thus became the symbol of the leading warrior families, each of which selected its own device. On the crest of his helmet the warrior displayed some prominent symbol—such as a crescent or a cross; and thus there arose the two parts of the coat of arms—the shield and the crest. Little does the Smith or Brown of this day, who sports a crest, and pays a tax to the State for so doing, think of mounting the helmet, on the summit of which it ought properly to be borne. Nor does Jones or Robinson ever dream of entering the peaceful forum with the veritable shield on which their coats of arms ought properly to be emblazoned.

Thus, in olden times, to wear arms was the mark of gentility, of aristocracy, of chieftainship. Various were the emblems and devices—wild oats, griffins, lions, eagles, hawks, boars' heads, Saracens, and such like—and mottoes began to be adopted as distinctive of the house and family, doubtless at a later period. The study of this subject is curious, and the antiquarian sometimes gives us strange glimpses into history through its means. This privilege of wearing coats of arms—as being a mark of gentility—grew to be highly prized. Noble families prided themselves on their shield, and boasted when there was no "blot on their escutcheon." In course of time, the monarchs, when conferring grants of nobility, accompanied the privilege with a grant of the arms to be borne by the new noble, "as a mark of his nobility." The Herald's Office thus arose, and became one of importance. As the knight rode into the tilting-field, the herald stood by and announced him from the arms upon his shield. The heralds became the regulators of ceremonials, the superintendents of all knightly pomp, the messengers of kings and chiefs, and the high authorities in all questions of arms and pedigree. These heralds formed a college, privileged by royalty, and the herald king-at-arms was its great head. These were the palmy days of chivalry and heraldry.

But abuses crept in; and when the fighting was over, Smith and Jones, who liked to be gentoel, would have "coat of arms" too, and soon the time came when they could buy them with hard cash, as is the case now. Any one can go to the Herald's College and buy a shield and a crest, and get a motto manufactured to his liking. For some time before heraldry became degraded, the Norroy and Clarencieux king-at-arms made visitations through the provinces, summoning those who were entitled to bear arms to appear before them, to take note of the correctness of their devices, and also fining those who dared to bear arms without royal license to do so. But those visitations were never relished, and they soon fell into disuse. Heraldry, as it used to be, died out, and gradually lapsed into its modern state, in which any one can "carry arms" of his own choosing by paying a tax to the government, or he can get arms manufactured for him at the Herald's Office, in London, on the payment of the usual "fees."

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SPHINX, N. Y. Evening Post, P. O. Box ——.]

CHARADE.

He talked of daggers and of darts,
Of passions and of pains,
Of weeping eyes and wounded hearts,
Of kisses and of chains.
He said, though love was kin to grief,
She was not born to grieve;
He said, though many rued belief,
She safely might believe.
But still the lady shook her head,
As any lady may,
And vowed my whole was all he said,
And all that he could say.

He said my first—whose silent car
Was slowly wandering by,
Veiled in a vapor faint and far,
Through the unfathomed sky—
Was like the smile, whose rosy light
Across her young lips passed;
Yet oh! it was not half so bright;
It changed not half so fast.
But still the lady shook her head,
As any lady may,
And vowed my whole was all he said,
And all that he could say.

And then he set a cypress wreath
Upon his raven hair,
And drew his rapier from its sheath,
Which made the lady stare;
And said his life-blood's purple flow
My second there should dim,
If she he loved and cherished so
Would shed one tear for him.
But still the lady shook her head,
As any lady may,
And vowed my whole was all he said,
And all that he could say.

ACROSTICS.

1.

1. A city of Italy. 2. One of the planets. 3. The goddess of hunting. 4. A lady's name. 5. A river of Maine. 6. A Spartan lawgiver. 7. A foreign fruit. 8. Belongs to poetry. 9. A sort of tree. My initials form a beautiful motto.

LITTLE ONE.

2.

1. A lady's name. 2. A lovely flower. 3. A Confederate general. 4. One of the planets. 5. A healthy beverage. 6. A favorite poem. 7. A flower of spring. 8. A master of music. 9. Waits for no man. 10. The sweetest place on earth. 11. A shoemaker's tool. 12. A mountain peak of Massachusetts. 13. Means before. 14. A Roman emperor. 15. A division of time. 16. A housekeeper's bugbear. 17. A gentleman's name. 18. The mother of us all. 19. A town of Massachusetts. 20. Rules the world. My whole is a well known adage.

LITTLE ONE.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A vowel. Frozen water. Name of a cape in Ireland. Name of an island. A river in Austria. Plain. A consonant. Centrals give an island in the North sea.

LITTLE ONE.

REBUS.

The father of the Grecian Jove;
A little boy who's blind;
The foremost land in all the world,
The mother of mankind;
A poet whose love-sonnets are
Still very much admired;
The initial letters will declare
A blessing to the tired.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A and B had each a flock of sheep. Said A to B, give me 11 of your sheep, and I will then have as many as you now have. No, said B to A, give me 11 of your sheep, and I will then have twice as many as you will then have left. How many had each of them?

AARON ERHART.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is matrimony like wash leather?
2. Why are tall soldiers the most worthy of men?
3. Why is a fool like twenty hundredweight?
4. What is the difference between a bee and a donkey?
5. When can donkey be spelt with one letter?
6. What lock frequently represents union without unity?
7. What lock is most in request among physicians?
8. What lock is generally lost in the decline of life?

TABLE DISHES.

1. What dish may you always conclude to have been stolen, no matter on whose table you meet with it?
2. If a man were in want of a situation, what fish would be most acceptable to him?
3. Which is the silliest dish you can put on the table?
4. Which is the merriest?
5. Which is the quickest?
6. And which the coolest?
7. And which may you suppose the cook to have prepared in a regular bad temper?

ENIGMA.

An hour yet to tea-time, so come to the hall
And listen—A riddle, propounded to all.
It is—ah! at its spoken the very first word;
Yet to guess if were it, were a guess most absurd.
It is heard in the cataract, seen in the storm,
Lives always in tempests, and dies in alarm.
In the depths of the forest it delights to roam,
Yet it dwells in the kitchen of every home.
It stands forth in the text of the parson so grave,
In the crest and the helmet of warrior so brave—
On the confines of earth and the bleak mountain's side,
It goes out with the current, comes in with the tide;
It thrills in the tones of the war trumpet's blast,
And murmurs in pity when the battle is past.
Flows soft in the streamlet and gleams in the stars,
And prominent stands in the temple of Mars.
It dwells not in the world, in air, or the sea—
Now, if you're done guessing—I pray come to tea.

Mrs. M. E. K.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 11.]

FACETIÆ.

VEGETABLE PHILOSOPHY.—Sage advice.

CONSTANT DANGER.—Visiting another man's wife.

RECIPE for a hot breakfast.—Admire your landlady's new bonnet.

WHY did Job always sleep cold? Because he had miserable comforters.

THE young-man-who-parts-his-hair-in-the-middle and his money are soon parted.

WHY is teetotalism a bar to friendship of a sort? Because it prevents shaking hands.

THE woman who neglects her husband's shirt front, is not the wife of his bosom.

MANY men and women have sad occasion to know that two do not necessarily make a pair.

SOME Boston girls are about to establish a sock-darning factory, for the benefit of friendless young bachelors. The girls should adopt the Latin motto—*Sock-et luem, darnit!*

ENTHUSIASTIC LOVER.—"Dear Augustus," said an affectionate girl, "I am willing to marry you if we have to live on bread and water."

"Well," responded the enthusiastic Augustus, "you furnish the bread and I'll skirmish round and find the water."

BROOKLYN young gentlemen are advised never to write gushing effusions in praise of their "sweethearts' hair. They may safely operate on her nose or eyes, but the color of her hair is apt to change with the fashion. It would be very awkward to send her a poem telling her that her hair is like golden threads spun from a sunbeam, and to meet her next day wearing a deep chestnut colored chignon.

SOMETHING LIKE A LOVE.—"Amelia, for thee—yes, at thy command, I'd tear this eternal firmament in a thousand fragments; I'd gather the stars one by one as they tumble from the regions of ethereal space, and put them in my trousers' pocket; I'd pluck the sun, that oriental god of day, that traverses the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendor—I'd tear him from the sky, and quench his bright effulgence in the fountain of my eternal love for thee!"

HER ANSWER.

It was bliss to sit silently near her,
But bliss has no limits, and I
Would speak to her boldly and hear her
Breathe melody rare in reply.
Strange feelings were mine
I might not define,
The throne of my queen drawing nigh.

I murmured, "Fair maid, may the pleasure
To share your next dance be my lot?
The hope paradisaic I treasure,
This rapture you'll gainsay me not!"
* * * * * *
"I'excuse me," she said,
"I'm just about dead,
It's really so 'orrible 'ot!"

HE KNEW.—There are a number of Americans in Paris, and among them, Brown. He knows less about the French language than he does about the man in the moon. The other evening he concluded to go to the circus. He went to a hack driver and began a series of motions that looked very much as if he had performed the geometrical problem of squaring a circle, and was trying to demonstrate it to "cabby." He whirled on his heel, threw his arm around, described a circle with his hand, and pointed towards the Champ Elysees. The driver pushed his hat back, put his whip under his arm, and gave close attention. After Brown had exhausted himself, the Frenchman scratched his head a moment, and said:

"Och, and it is the circus you want to go to; and bedad and why didn't you say so?"

THE DEVIL HIMSELF.—The pastor of ——— church, had been for some time annoyed by the forwardness of a lay brother to "speak" whenever an opportunity was offered, to the frequent exclusion of those whose remarks had a greater tendency to edification. This had been carried so far that the pastor, whenever he stated that an "opportunity would now be offered for any brother to give an exhortation," had always a secret dread of the loquacious member. On one special occasion, the latter prefaced a prosy, incoherent harangue with an account of a controversy he had been carrying on with the great adversary. "My friends," said he, "the devil and I have been fighting for more than twenty minutes; he told me not to speak to-night, but I determined I would; he said some of the rest could speak better than I, but still I felt that I could not keep silent; he even whispered that I spoke too often, and that nobody wanted to hear me; but I was not to be put down that way, and now I have gained the victory, I must tell you all that is in my heart." Then followed the tedious harangue aforesaid. As they were coming out of the session-room the good pastor inclined his head so that his mouth approached the ear of the militant member, and whispered, "*Brother, I think the devil was right!*"

THE WIDOW CABOCHARD.—It is well known that at the Pere la Chaise Cemetery, near Paris, there stands in a conspicuous position a splendid monument to Pierre Cabochard, grocer, with a pathetic inscription which closes thus:

"His inconsolable widow
dedicates this monument to his memory
and continues the same business at the
old stand, 191 Rue Montorgueil."

Now a Parisian paper relates that a short time ago, a gentleman who had noticed the above inscription was led by curiosity to call at the address indicated. Having expressed his desire to see Widow Cabochard, he was immediately ushered into the presence of a fashionably-dressed and full-bearded man, who asked what was the object of his visit.

"I came to see the Widow Cabochard, sir."

"Well, sir, here she is."

"I beg pardon, but I wish to see the lady in person."

"Sir, I am the Widow Cabochard."

"I don't exactly understand you. I allude to the relict of the late Pierre Cabochard, whose monument I saw yesterday at the 'Pere la Chaise.'"

"I see, I see," was the smiling rejoinder. "Allow me to inform you that Pierre Cabochard is a myth, and, therefore, never had a wife. The tomb you admired cost me a good deal of money, and although no one is buried there, it proves a first-rate advertisement, and I have had no cause to regret the expense. Now, sir, what can I sell you in the way of groceries?"

THEY SAY.

They say—Ah! well, suppose they do?
But can they prove the story true?
Suspicion may arise from naught
But malice, envy, want of thought;
Why count yourself among the "they"
Who whisper what they dare not say?

They say—But why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling which may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can?

They say—Well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

They say—Oh, pause, and look within,
See how thy heart's inclined to sin;
Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour
Thou, too, should'st sink beneath its power.
Pity the good, weep o'er their fall
But speak of good or not at all.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

BY J. E. HOLLINGS.

David Dobkins was an old bachelor.

Harry Hazlehurst, his nephew, was a young one, who lived with him, and Mrs. Mifflin was a widow, who acted as housekeeper.

"Gentlemen," said Mrs. Mifflin, "are easy to work for. So long as their victuals is cooked correct, they don't ask to be swept up and dusted very often. My gentlemen keep most things on the mantelpiece when they ain't on the floor, and all I find fault about is their sashes lying everywhere, but if they don't mind 'em, why should I?"

It was scarcely likely that Harry should find fault with anything his uncle chose to do, for he was a young man, with an eye to the main chance, and Uncle David was very rich, and had not yet made his will.

If he made no will at all, everything would go to Harry, and if he made it, probably there might be a little legacy to the housekeeper—but for the rest, nothing to interfere with his nephew's prospects.

Over the way from the old bachelor's house stood another dwelling. Its windows faced those at which Mr. Dobkins sat. At them a young lady often sat and sewed. She looked over at the house very often. Sometimes she blushed and looked away again, but her eyes traveled back very soon.

When Mr. Dobkins began to notice this, he was not surprised; he knew himself—all men do—to be a very captivating person. He knew that ladies fell in love with him suddenly without being able to avoid it. Besides, he did not show his years. He might be gray, but he was not as bald as Harry. Harry was not as handsome as he was at his age—not the fellow to captivate women.

Meanwhile, at the window just above, Harry sat smoking, also.

Mr. Dobkins did not know that.

Neither did Harry know that Dobkins was taking the glances intended for the second floor as the property of the first.

Men are not as smart as women, but Mrs. Mifflin knew all about it.

"An old gander and an young gosling," she said to herself, as she bustled about. "I don't know which of the two is the silliest."

One morning at breakfast, David, casting a glance towards the window, remarked:

"Fine looking girl over there. I suppose you never noticed her?"

"Oh, yes, I have," said Harry, blushing.

"Looks a good deal over here, don't you think?" said David.

"Have you noticed that?" said Harry.

"So you've been watching me?" said David. "You sly dog. Ah! well, 'tisn't the first time that sort of thing has happened. Very fine girl, indeed."

"So you admire her?" said the nephew.

"Immensely," said David. "My dear boy, when one sees a charming girl like that, it makes bachelor life seem lonely."

"I've often thought that myself," said Harry.

"Dear, dear, I supposed you'd consider it a foolish fancy," said David.

"Not at all," said Harry, who, having some weeks before managed an introduction to the seraph of the opposite window, had been wondering what his uncle would say if he should marry, and whether a wife would lose him a fortune.

"You've noticed her expression as she glances at these windows?"

"Well, my boy, I'm not blind, you know?" said David, modestly.

"Then I'll tell you a secret, uncle," said the nephew, overjoyed by his relative's complacency. "I was introduced to that girl the other day. She's Tim'rim' cousin, and do you know the first question she asked me was: 'Who is that very fine-looking gentleman you reside with?'"

"Ahem! hem! did she?" asked David, glancing at the mirror.

"And she said she'd like to know you," said Harry. "So I'll introduce you if you like."

"Thank you, my boy," said the old gentleman. "Of course, I like it. Young ladies certainly are not as shy as they used to be; but times change; introduce me as soon as you like."

"My uncle wants to know you," said Harry to Miss Timkins that evening.

"That nice old gentleman? I should be pleased, I'm sure," said the lady.

And so David was introduced.

"My boy, do you know what I have been thinking about?" he remarked, as they walked home together. "That girl would make a splendid wife."

"Do you really think so?" cried Harry. "I'm sure you're right, and I'm delighted to hear you say so?"

"Thank you, my boy," said David. "In any case you shan't be a loser. I'll not forget that you are my nephew."

"Fine old man. Some old fellows would have objected," said Harry to himself.

"Fine boy. Most young fellows would have been afraid that a rich uncle should marry," said David.

After this both gentlemen called very frequently on the young lady, and with the same intentions; but Harry, being young, was impulsive, and did not allow much time to pass before he offered his hand and heart, and was accepted; while David, who had faith in long, solemn, old-fashioned courtships, and was, besides, rather timid as to the plunge into the matrimonial ocean, where so many barques are wrecked, had not yet come to the point.

At last, one morning, Harry having remarked, "My dear uncle, how charmingly Lavinia would preside at our little table and how she would cultivate the old piece," David had suddenly grasped his hand, and cried in a burst of confidence:

"My boy, you are right. I'll go over and arrange the affair at once. It's only a word or two, and it's all over. Time flies. We shall all be getting old before long. I think I'll ask her to set the day and be done with it."

"Delightful!" said Harry. "But, uncle, had I not better undertake the task?"

"No, no, no!" said David; "very kind of you, but let me do it myself. I know she thinks well of me, and——"

"She admires you excessively; she told me so yesterday," said the nephew.

"My dear fellow," cried David, shaking hands with him again, "you mustn't be afraid of being a loser by this amiability—no, indeed. Well, I'll go, and tell you the result."

And away went David. Lavinia was at home.

She was disengaged, and said, "Yes, she would be delighted to hear anything dear Mr. Dobkins had to say to her."

"Dear Mr. Dobkins!" repeated David to himself; "that sounds well for me."

But, nevertheless, he was nervous.

He walked to the window, fidgeted, wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, and finally sat down on the sofa beside Lavinia, and remarked:

"May I hope I'm not disagreeable to you?"

"Disagreeable! Oh, dear, no, sir," cried Lavinia.

"And my little home would not be a detestable place to live in?" asked David.

Lavinia had often talked with Harry on the subject of living with David, so she replied at once:

"Oh, no, sir! I should like it of all things."

"Bless your heart!" said David; "how happy you make me."

"I am sure I shall try to do so," said Lavinia. "Harry has often told me that I should like you so very much."

"So the boy has been pleading my cause," said Mr. Dobkins.

"Oh, he did not need to do that; I always liked you," said Livinia.

Whereupon Mr. Dobkins kissed her.

"And you know what I shall ask you next?" he said. "No? Well, the day, you know—the happy day?"

"Oh, dear," said Miss Livinia, "I'm sure it must be a long while yet."

"No," said David; "very soon. Shall it be next month? That will give time for the finery, and for me to get my little house in order. Next month, eh?"

"But Harry?" faltered the girl.

"He'll not be surprised, the rascal!" said David.

"Oh, how kind you are!" said Lavinia.

And before David departed, the day was set for the wedding.

And the girl sat down and wrote a little note to her lover when she was alone, and told him how his eccentric uncle had been to see her and arranged matters for them as if they were children.

Meanwhile, David had said to Harry—

"Of course a wedding costume is an expensive thing, and you must let me arrange with the tailor. You'll stand up with me, you know."

Of course Harry understood him to mean that he—David Dobkins—would be his best man, and the old man was astonished by the fervor of his gratitude.

After this the old gentleman was very busy. The house was made fine from roof to kitchen, and Harry declared to Lavina that he had no idea what a charming old fellow Uncle David was before this incident brought the fine points of his character to the surface. Meanwhile, Mrs. Mifflin went about with a sardonic smile, and without quite knowing all about the affair, awaited a catastrophe. The happy morning came.

The evening before, Lavinia had said to Harry:

"Harry, dear, your uncle was so kind when he came here last. He kissed me twice, and called me his little rosebud."

And Harry had said:

"Affectionate old fellow! we must make much of him."

Now, the two relations met in the spick-and-span parlor, each attired in the conventional bridal uniform, both very red and shoepinch.

And David poked Harry in the side.

And Harry said:

"I declare you look like a bridegroom, sir."

And David had answered:

"Ah, well, joke away, it will be your turn soon."

And then, after a pause, the old man had remarked:

"I suppose you have told the clergyman whom he is to marry, and all that?"

And Harry had replied:

"Oh, of course. And you know you must offer your arm to Miss Tiffs, the bridesmaid, up the aisle."

"I'm to take Lavinia in, ain't I?" asked David.

"Oh, dear no," said Harry.

"Well, fashions alter," said the old man. "This is nervous work, Harry."

"Yes, I feel (a little) upset," said Harry; "but it will be very quiet, you know."

And then the two went together to get in the carriage.

Lavinia was an orphan. And there were no parents or sisters to weep over the bride. But a number of new bonnets were to be seen in the church, and it was plain that her friends had turned out in full strength to witness the ceremony.

They stood before the clergyman, Lavinia nearest him, Miss Tiffs a little behind.

On the other side there was a dodging.

"Behind me, my boy," whispered David.

"No, uncle, you behind me," whispered Harry.

"Absurd," said David to himself. "How customs change."

For the clergyman had motioned him on one side, and a lady tittered audibly.

Then it dawned upon him that there was something wrong, for the clergyman was saying—

"Do you, Henry, take Lavinia to be your wedded wife?"

And Henry had answered, "I do," in the usual whisper.

"I say, sir," gasped David, under his breath, "my name isn't Henry."

"Hush, Mr. Dobkins," whispered Miss Tiffs, the bridesmaid.

"But I say," said Mr. Dobkins, a little louder, "look here, sir, you made a mistake, David, if you please."

"Is your name David, sir?" whispered the clergyman.

"No, sir, Henry," breathed the bridegroom.

"But your name don't matter. I'm the man that is being married," explained Mr. Dobkins, growing scarlet, while the pause in the ceremony caused a rustling and whispering all over the church.

"I did not understand that I had two couple to unite," said the clergyman. "Be kind enough to explain what you mean."

"All I know about it," said David, "is that I came here to marry Miss Lavinia Timkins, and it was my impression that you were mistaking my nephew for the bridegroom."

"My poor uncle has suddenly gone mad," said Harry.

"Yes, poor, dear, darling Mr. Dobkins has lost his senses," sighed Miss Lavinia.

"Oh, try to get 'em back, there's a good soul," cried Miss Tiffs, bursting into tears.

"What does this mean?" cried David. "Do you dare to deny at the very altar that I have been your accepted lover for four weeks, and that we came here to-day to be made one?"

"Oh, dear!" screamed Lavinia, "what shall I do? I see it all; you thought I meant you, and I thought you meant Harry."

And, as in duty bound, she fainted away.

An hour afterwards a stoutish elderly gentleman, in a violent rage, and with his white necktie twisted under one ear, darted out of a carriage into his own door, and having reached the parlor, indulged in language not to be found in the catechism.

It was Mr. David Dobkins; and Mrs. Mifflin, the housekeeper, stood by and listened calmly.

"Bless ye," she said, when he paused for rest, "I knew they were a-hoeussing you. Him and her flirted out o' windy long afore you knew her."

"I'll out him off with a shilling!" cried David. "I'll show him what it is to use me so. I'll marry somebody myself."

"Just what you ought to do, sir," said the housekeeper; "no hitty-tity gal, but a middle-aged lady that understands your merits and is able to make you comfortable."

David looked at Mrs. Mifflin.

She was portly and rosy, and not ill-looking. A thought struck him:

"Mrs. Mifflin," he said, "get me a cup of tea, and let's have a talk over it."

The result of that talk was a wedding, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hazlehurst now have the opportunity of watching from the window of their lodging the domestic bliss of their uncle and aunt-in-law, and of knowing that Mr. Dobkins has already made a will in which all that he possesses is bequeathed to his wife, should she survive him.

HOW TO KEEP THE BOYS AT HOME.

My neighbor Smith came in this morning wearing a very perplexed look, and evidently considerably excited about something. I can tell when Smith is agitated, for he shows it in his face and actions, and has not that power of control which allows a person to appear calm while laboring under deep excitement. After some talk on general subjects he broke out with:

"I can't keep my boys at home. There's John went away last year, and now William wants to leave, though he ain't only seventeen, and no more fit to go out into the world for himself than a child. I don't see how other folks keep their boys at home, I can't."

"I suppose, then, they ain't satisfied with things on the farm."

"No, they're uneasy from morning till night, and don't give me any peace."

"Couldn't something be done to make them satisfied with farm life?"

"I don't know; boys ain't same as they used to be. They get big notions in their heads, and don't stick to work as well."

"Perhaps we farmers don't give them enough privileges. We musn't forget that they are *boys*, and *not men*, and use them accordingly."

"When I was a boy I didn't think of having so many privileges as they have now."

"Very well, but times were far different then from now. We must take things as they are in the age we live, and endeavor to conform to the prevailing customs. Do you give your boys plenty of holidays, and time to rest, as well as look around a little?"

"Yes, they always go to Fourth of July, and the circuses."

"Did you take them to cattle show last year?"

"Well, no; you see I wanted to get my potatoes out afore they rotted any worse."

"That was hardly fair. The cattle show is peculiarly intended for the farmers' boys, and it's wrong to cheat them out of attending."

"You don't think they do the boys any good, do you?"

"Why not? Farmers' boys learn easily, and are very observant. I think they would be more likely to notice changes and improvements than their elders. A knowledge of what others are doing would stimulate them to action with the hope of equaling or surpassing a neighbor. We are not apt to give our boys credit for all they do know. You kept your boys to school during the winter terms, I suppose?"

"Generally; but last winter I had considerable cordwood to get out, so William had to help me. It won't pay to hire a man."

"That was a 'penny wise and pound foolish' policy. Give your boys all the schooling possible, at least do not let them lose a day of the winter term. Better stay at home yourself and do the chores, than they should remain out of school. And every farmer who can possibly spare the means, should allow his boys a term at the high school or academy in the fall after harvesting, as soon as they are sixteen years old. You take plenty of papers, I suppose?"

"Well, no; I did have THE POST, but it don't come now; but I have a political paper."

"I think I see where the trouble is, Smith. I'm afraid your boys don't find home attractive. Perhaps they have come to associate the word *home* with a place where they have only ate and stayed, instead of a pleasant refuge where the body and the mind is rested and restored. Perhaps you have kept them too often and too late in the fields, and not given them enough recreation. Perhaps—mind you, I say, *perhaps*—they have got an idea that any other place is more pleasant than the farm and the life they lead there. If so, by all means correct this idea by removing the causes. Remember that 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' and give them all the holidays consistent with justice. Make the house a home in reality to them when not engaged in farm work—not a mere place to eat and sleep in. Fix up the sitting-room; get some books and pictures, and don't be afraid to spend ten dollars or more a year for periodicals, and above all be sure and take the POST. It will pay you compound interest, and whatever you can do with your money on the farm or about your home that will exert an influence towards making your boys contented and satisfied, will be better than mortgages on real estate, or 7.30s, to be left for them to quarrel over after you are gone."

THE LIGHT OF COMING DAYS.

The light of other days—practical, not poetical—was the tallow dip, and, further back, a bunch of moss in a dish of grease. The advance from this primitive illuminator to the gas jet covers a most important stage in the progress of domestic economy. To make the illuminating material distribute itself was a capital stroke of policy. By most people it is regarded as the final stroke in the conflict with the shades of night. But it falls very far short of it.

Before we can truly say that our streets and houses are lighted scientifically, another and more important advance must be made. We must get rid of the offensive and poisonous products, the heat and flickering, the sharp contrasts of light and shade, the needless expense and frequent fires, and the thousand other disadvantages attending the distribution and local combustion of our illuminating material, by distributing instead pure light.

The problem is simple and easy solved. What we want in our rooms is a clean, white light, like diffused daylight. The popular mistake lies in supposing that the light must necessarily be generated where it is used. The remoteness of our natural illuminators ought to teach us the absurdity of such a position.

NECESSITY.

We call necessity the mother of invention, but wonder why this particular mother does not show some clear way for every member to get to the place of duty when they are especially demanded. "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, conscience," was one of the many maxims which Washington framed or copied for his own use when a boy. That spark was kept alive by him, and he made it shine forth as a star.

We never heard of a wise, good and useful man who did not have some determination of purpose—some high aim towards which he ever strove, and which height be reached when he shone forth as one of the world's stars. Every degree of eminence is reached by effort after effort being made, and none was ever known to shine forth from the depths of ignorance and inaction. The human intellect is so constituted, that it can only grow by its own action and free will, and by them it will certainly grow. Every man must educate himself; he may have helpers, but the work is his. An educated man has the ability to summon in an emergency all his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object, and it is only he who depends upon self-discipline that can do this.

No man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them. We do not so often fail in the pursuits of life for lack of ability, as for want of study of the power of our minds. A moderate gift of intellect, well directed, will accomplish more than an indiscreet application of the most brilliant qualifications. We should, therefore, study ourselves, and aim to find out the average talents we possess; and by trying to make the best use of them, we can hardly fail to make a good figure in the world; and, besides this, we shall have the consciousness of being among those who live not in vain.

BLESSINGS which we have slighted when in our possession are more highly prized when there is danger of our being deprived of them; and our hearts are more keenly touched by the anticipation of loss than by the fulness of enjoyment.

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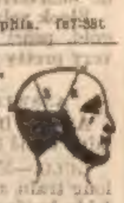
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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

In our last we gave some practical suggestions as to the making up of school outfits for young girls of twelve or fourteen. This week we add the description of a dressing-gown, or wrapper, to complete the wardrobe of the fair student.

It is of steel-colored cashmere or delaine, cut Gabrielle shape. The front has no darts, but is shaped by one long seam from the armhole to the foot. The back has side-bodies, sloping in at the waist, so as to form an easy fit, but gradually widening out to ample fullness in the skirt. The front is trimmed with revers of silk of a shade lighter than the cashmere, and extending from the neck to the feet. These revers are bound with dark-blue velvet, cut bias; blue velvet buttons worked with a star pattern in gray silk, and an outside pocket or aumonniere of gray silk, trimmed with blue velvet, give a tasteful finish to the pretty garment.

The sleeves are half loose, and lined, as far as the elbow, with blue silk; blue velvet bands and buttons trim the outer part. A three-pointed collar, bound with velvet, finishes the neck.

Apropos of the outside pockets, so often alluded to in our columns. They have almost entirely superseded the side pockets formerly so fashionable upon polonaises, Gabrielles, etc. These latter were so apt to pull down the breadth upon which they were placed, and tear away from the garment, giving an untidy look. The advantages that the aumonniere or hanging pocket possesses over it are so patent as to commend it at once to all persons of taste and sense; then, too, they admit of such variety of form and ornamentation, giving a coquettish finish to a garment.

Among the newly-imported goods for the coming season are the quadrille silks.

These are plaid silks—a return to the wide plaids and blocks so popular many years ago, as a peep into "Grandmamma's scrap bag" will testify. The fancy in their combination now seems to be to alternate black squares with some decided color.

The faded tints so much affected during the past few seasons merit their name, for they have faded out of public taste or fashion's realm, and in their stead we have pronounced colors. Violet, garnet, mazarine blue, gold, and a new shade of claret—termed over the water *lie de Bordeaux*, or "wine lees"—to give a free translation—are very popular, combined with the black block or square.

The quadrille silks are very glossy, and of a good quality; not too expensive for moderate pockets either.

We have just seen a very stylish costume made of one of these new silks. It was black and claret, of the new shade, in squares of one-half inch in size, and crossed, at intervals of two inches apart, by narrow parallel lines of gold color. It was intended for house or carriage wear, and was made *en train*, and very *bouffante* behind. The skirt was trimmed simply with one deep flounce, graduated so as to bring the deepest part in front. It was laid on in wide box pleats, held in place by a fold of claret-colored velvet cut bias and matching the shade in the silk; double butterfly bows of claret velvet were placed between each box pleat. These bows were continued up the side widths. The apron overskirt was very long in front, and sloped sharply up at the sides. It was edged simply with two folds of the velvet. The sleeves were full, and divided into three puffs by bands and bows of the velvet. The basque was of the simplest cuirass shape, edged with velvet folds, and closed down the front with velvet bows. The neck was finished with a jaunty, round, standing collar of velvet. A gracefully looped sash of velvet, edged with heavy silk fringe, was placed at the left side.

All wool goods of cashmere delaine, etc., are shown this season in twills and diagonals, rather than the straight, striped cord of the empress cloth, or reps and poplins. There are many novelties in the new designs in such goods. For instance, heavy diagonal twills are dotted with small figures, diamond, square and round shaped; or a tiny vine pattern. Also, one sees wide stripes of cashmere twill, alternating with narrow ones of a basket pattern.

Black cashmere retains its deserved popularity as a standard fabric for polonaises, etc., and is being brought on in many different qualities.

The camel's hair material for walking dresses, pardessus, etc., preferred this season will be that imported from Russia. It is all wool, light and serviceable, but, alas! not likely to become an article of dress found in many wardrobes in this panic stricken age, since the retail price is only $10 per yard!

Sleeveless jackets are so very popular abroad that a new fabric has been manufactured expressly for them. It is of silk, woven so as to represent a quilting pattern, and comes in all shades.

The news comes over the water that walking suits must be made short, even revealing a portion of the ancle. We hail the news with pleasure, when we think of the sloppy winter and autumn pavements, and the muddy crossings, that do such terrible damage to flowing skirts.

Black velvet bracelets, with clasps of gold, pearl or jet, are fashionable, and very pretty upon a round, white arm.

NINON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANNIE D.—The new style of chatelaine braid is called the "Cadogan."

LULU.—Make your black silk suits long train, and upon overskirt, trim with folds, knife edge pleatings and jet. Will send pattern, if you desire, C. O. D.

J. E. Z.—Yes, we can have the bracelets made by the pattern you send, and forward them to you by express. No; we do not give the names of any firms of dry goods or other business. We shop for you, though, with pleasure.

AMELIA R.—Certainly we are glad to advise on any subjects that we can do so with propriety. Your suggestions are excellent concerning the furnishing of your "best chamber," only, we think, a pearl gray carpet of three-ply or Brussels, if you are willing to incur the additional expense, with a deep blue border, would be preferable to the one you spoke of. Get white muslin curtains and have lambrequins of blue rep.

HOME FEELINGS.

BY SHELDON CHADWICK.

Whatever our fate, wherever we roam,
We yearn for the loving hearts at home.
Oh, blest and beautiful inner life,
Excluding a world of care and strife.
By the cosy nook,
With a friend or a book,
'Neath the old roof tree. How sweet! how dear!
As village bells to the wanderer's ear.

By the hearth of home, recruiting rest
And vital vigor expand the breast;
'Tis there that our failing strength we gird
To conquer Despair with a hero's sword.
A shrine of love,
Like the home above,
Hallowed by reverence, praise, and prayer,
With parents, and brothers, and sisters there.

On the tented field, the soldier's heart
At the cherished name of home will start;
And the sailor thanks God for the beacon light
That shines from his native cliffs at night.
With a joy as great
Whether soon or late,
When the noblest work of life is done,
May our heavenly home above be won.

TIME WORKS WONDERS.

BY JOHN LAMB.

Timothy Drake, having sown his wild-oats during several successive seasons, had reaped a plentiful supply of tares—a long career of dissipation brought him many weary weeks of wretchedness and anxiety.

Timothy Drake in a state of wretchedness and anxiety was a wonderment indeed! Proverbially a "lucky dog," thoughtless and debonaire, he had a reputation amongst the gay sparks who were his companions, as "a man of infinite jest"—one of those lucky mortals to whom necessity was not only the mother of invention, but the caterer to her own needs. In a few words, he "lived upon his wits," and, considering all things, he had a pretty lively time of it.

He was studying for the law. For a long period a generous uncle found the wherewithal to enable him, ostensibly, to live like a gentleman. But the supplies stopped suddenly, and after a few months of shiftlessness and contriving, Timothy began seriously to wonder what was to be done?

He had borrowed of this person and that. He had patronized all the storekeepers who would give him credit. His board bill was more than he could pay. His gay friends began to think that his company might be dispensed with, and *he* began to think, that, somehow, he had managed matters badly.

"I'll reform," said Timothy.

That was very well to say, but how much better it would have been had he made that resolution earlier! The longer he looked at it, the worse it seemed. He had but a single dollar, and what was the use of reforming upon that! So he went out and had one more "jolly time," and returning home in decidedly better *spirits*, he came back to the old time resolution—"Trust to luck."

"Trust to luck!" Is there some good genii who takes especial care of these free and easy devotees? I sometimes think there is!

However that may be, Timothy's prospects in the early morning were very, very dark; yet before noon he was in the best of imaginable humors—the same bright, glorious old fellow as before! What could have worked this miracle?

A letter from his uncle's lawyer informing him of the decease of that gentleman, and of the generous legacy to which he was entitled.

I do not mean to say that Timothy wasn't sorry to hear of his uncle's death, but the sudden accession to worldly wealth made him forget for the moment the occasion of his good fortune.

"Now I *will* reform!" said Timothy—and he meant it.

But he began to reform after a curious fashion. He looked up every one of his gay companions and asked the favor of a moderate loan. He said nothing of his new prospects, so he received the cold shoulder—not a cent did he raise amongst the entire crowd.

Timothy Drake was voted "a nuisance" that same night, and it was decided to cut his acquaintance with all possible dispatch.

"All right," said Timothy. "We'll see."

Next day he packed up his trunks and went to his uncle's funeral.

What transpired there no one in the city knew. When he returned he was accompanied by a young lady, of sorrowful mien, who possessed much natural beauty.

Timothy's friends began to think that it might, after all, be well to preserve their intimacy with him.

So, of course, they all apologised for being out of funds upon a prior occasion and offered the free use of their pocket-books—especially when they found that Timothy didn't need their kind assistance.

Then the conversation turned, of course, upon the lady.

"My cousin," said Timothy, in answer to their inquiries, and that was all the information they could get from him; and they gradually discovered that instead of their withdrawing their society from Timothy, he was actually dropping them off by slow degrees!

After that sad discovery, numberless were the artifices by which they endeavored to draw Timothy Drake once more into the charmed circle. But Timothy was under the influence of a spell, more potent and much more creditable to him—he was in love!

At his uncle's funeral he first met Agnes Fenn, and she, poor thing, was alone in the wide, wide world.

The house was to be sold and all that was in it, and all the real estate which his Uncle Fenn had owned, and the proceeds divided between these two—the daughter and the nephew.

She wandered about the house like a sorrowful angel, and the physician, who had attended her father, advised a change of scene. What then so natural, as that Timothy should bring her temporarily to his own home, and place her in charge of his kind-hearted landlady!

How manfully he tried to cheer and comfort her! How mightily pleased he was when he caused her to smile! It was a great thing to him to watch the changes of her innocent face. How much better this than the life to which he had so long accustomed himself.

"Agnes," he said, one day, "if you only knew what a miserable wretch I am, I don't think you'd ever speak to me again."

"Nonsense, Timothy," she smilingly replied.

"And when I think that my little lamb should trust herself here—here 'in the lion's den,' as it used to be called, I often wonder what the lion has done to deserve so great a blessing."

And the lamb's eyes were lifted to the lion's, full of gratitude and trustfulness.

"And then, do you know, Agnes, I come to wonder how it would be if we were to mutually agree that we wouldn't sell the old house after all."

"Oh, Timothy!" said Agnes, wistfully.

"But then again, you couldn't live there all alone; and I suppose," he added, anxiously, "my little lamb hasn't thought about such a monstrous thing as taking a husband yet?"

Agnes blushed.

"And then, my thoughts grow still more troublesome; and I often wonder, if, at the year's end, the lamb would take the wicked lion for a husband—if he loved her very much?"

"Oh, Timothy," she said again, and the lion kissed the lamb.

Shall I not end right here? or shall I add that the old house was never sold. That Timothy Drake and Agnes, his wife, live there yet? That Timothy's "friends" have died out of his life, and that he often wonders how it came about that he ever cared so much for their jovial society?

Truly time works changes in us all.

A LONE WIDOW.

BY F. S. M.

"Mr. Jasper, when *am* I to expect that money?"

Mr. Jasper started. The question was not quite unexpected, but it was suddenly put. The landlady was in the habit of exploding now and then. Lodgers and boarders were her natural enemies, and as Jasper frequently remarked, "She burst like a bomb-shell—none knew just where—if they didn't pay their *shot*."

Mr. Jasper twiddled his thumbs, and looked at the ceiling, abstractedly, as if engaged in some intricate mental calculation. Then he commenced:

"Mrs. Thornbush——"

Mrs. Thornbush placed her arms akimbo, and looked him full in the face, while a "no-nonsense-about-me-you-know" kind of sarcastic smile played in the corners of her long-ago widowed lips.

"Mrs. Thornbush," said Jasper, boldly, "it's twenty-five dollars, isn't it?"

"Five-and-twenty dollars in arrears this blessed morning, and my terms are 'invariably in advance.' The grocer has already stopped supplies, and the butcher has placed a veto on the meat, solely on account of you, Mr. Jasper, and that pale-faced young gentleman on the third floor, back—and me, a poor lone widow who——"

"I'm sure I'm very sorry——"

"No doubt, no doubt; but all the sorrow in the world won't pay the butcher's bills, to say nothing of the rent, and the gas, and the coals, and the washing, and Mrs. Quietlines, who keeps the grocery, and this a lone widow, like myself, Mr. Jasper, and I'm sure I'm that ashamed to have my bill run on so. But what can I do, a poor helpless creature?"

Mrs. Thornbush wrung her hands in silent grief.

"It's the panic, Mrs. Thornbush, I assure you, it's the panic," began Jasper, hurriedly, determined, if possible, to exorcise the demon of discontent that so evidently possessed her, for Mr. Jasper knew of a snug little bank account which Mrs. Thornbush had displayed to his envious vision, in calmer, perhaps less *credit*-able moments.

"A pretty excuse, that, now isn't it?" queried the exasperated matron, "as if the panic had anything at all to do with a trifling matter of eight dollars a week, and washing extra."

"Yet I assure you——"

"But I won't be assured! Now Mr. Jasper *do* think (here she tried to coax him with an insidiuous smile). If I believed all my lodgers told me (men are such creatures they'd tell a lone widow anything)—if I believed all and said nothing—why I'd have the sheriff in the house in less than no time."

"Well, then," said Jasper, in an equally coaxing way, "suppose, Mrs. Thornbush, we say—next week?"

"Am I in my senses, Mr. Jasper, or do you think I've lost them? though well indeed I might, for life's a heavy burthen! To-day is only Monday, Mr. Jasper, and you dare to say——what day next week, Mr. Jasper?"

"Well, Saturday!"

"Saturday week? Never! *Next* Saturday, Mr. Jasper and not a moment later, as I live," and the lone widow retreated beyond reach of a reply.

Within a few minutes her gentle voice was heard in the precincts of the third floor, back.

Then came this thought to Jasper—Jasper who had long awaited "remittances" that never came, from rich relatives, who looked particularly down upon his threadbare coat—"Mrs. Thornbush is a model business woman!"

Mr. Jasper was a bachelor, and his age was several years in excess of the acknowledged number of the lady's summers. Visions of a dry goods store, or a snug little grocery, where everything but *trust* could be obtained, or a boarding-house of colossal and elegant proportions, passed quickly across his mental gaze; and the first thought gave birth to a much more startling one—"Why shouldn't I marry her?"

Why not, indeed.

Mrs. Thornbush was a woman of delicate perception, yet qualified to manage a large establishment. With the exception of an occasional and quite excusable reference to her widowed state, she never alluded to the dear departed! Perhaps her married life had been an unhappy one—couldn't Jasper make her happy? He thought he could!

So when, a few minutes later, he met that estimable lady on the stairs, he politely requested the favor of a "little private conversation."

"It's to give notice!" thought Mrs. Thornbush, "I've lost one of my best and most amiable boarders—dear me, I must temporize, I see! If it's about the rent and board bill, Mr. Jasper," she said to him, very gently, "I didn't mean—but really I am so much pressed for money——"

"It isn't about that, Mrs. Thornbush," said Jasper, hurriedly. "It's——"

But here he came to a full stop, and seemed very much confused. Not beginning in the way he intended exactly, he didn't quite know how best to broach the subject.

At last, however, he got properly launched upon the sea of words. After a long preamble about his rich relations, his expectations, and so forth (to which the lady listened with profound attention), he gave vent to all the posey of his imaginative nature; and, finally, he fell upon one knee, and offered himself and his fortunes, in perspective, to say nothing of a "heart that beat and throbbed" (as no doubt it did) at the approach of a dear landlady whom everybody esteems and silently respects.

Then Mrs. Thornbush, playing a new and somewhat unexpected role, became all at once gentle, timid and delicately chaste, she acknowledged how much she had always respected Mr. Jasper—that she had never expected this honor—that—

Here Mr. Jasper inferred that the honor would be his, and he became so enthusiastically persuasive that she "hadn't the heart to say 'no;'" and when, as he did eventually, he asked her to name an "early day for the gratification of his highest aspirations," she whispered, bashfully, "next Saturday."

The twenty-five dollars was never mentioned after that, and in due course there was a wedding—and Mrs. Thornbush became Mrs. Jasper. The boarding house was sub-let to the pale young gentleman, upstairs, who married Mrs. Jasper's niece; and at the present writing the happy pair, whose courtships we have here narrated, are in negotiation for the purchase of the good-will, stock and fixtures of Mrs. Quietline's quiet grocery.

THE EYES.

There is no other feature of the face so expressive as the eyes; no sense which is so exceedingly valuable as the sight, or which affords us so much pleasure and enjoyment; and none which we abuse so sadly.

Handsome eyes should be bright, but not of a glittering sheen like a snake's eye; clear, yet not sharp as a knife's blade; soft and moist, yet not languishing. But the following lines will better express our meaning:

"Eyes not down-dropt nor over bright, but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
Clear with heat, undying, tended by
Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent flame
Of the still spirit."

And they should possess strength of vision sufficient to read common-sized type at a distance of a yard, at least, while they should be exactly of a size, shape and hue.

Some people think bronze-brown eyes the loveliest, others violet blue, whilst others prefer those which match the hue of a raven's wing; and all these colors are attractive and beautiful, if the expression which accompanies them is sweet and attractive, and the white of the eye clear and of a pearly whiteness. It is, however, often made yellow, or bluish white, by disease of the liver and a scrofulous tendency of habit.

At the present time diseases of the eyes are very prevalent, owing to the abuses to which they are subjected; and as weak eyes can never be handsome or pleasing, we desire to give our readers a few hints upon preserving their strength.

It is very injurious to sit directly in front of a window, or to use a desk or table so situated that you are brought in such a position, for the rays of light strike directly upon the pupil of the eye, and cause an unnatural and forced contraction of them, which will soon injure the sight permanently. Place your chair near the window while writing, reading, or working, and sit in such a manner that your eyes turn from, and not towards the light, and let it strike on your left hand, leaving the right hand farthest from it; or else have the window at your back, or above you, and then the light will illuminate the paper or work, and will not shine too abruptly upon the eyeball.

Many young persons have nearly ruined their sight by not attending to these simple directions.

Another thing needful is, never read when twilight approaches—as soon as the light fades, put away all work. This is all-important. Drawing nearer the light to read "just one page more," or take "just a few more stitches," has proved of the greatest injury to thousands of our boys and girls.

When the eyes are washed, as they should be, in warm water every night and morning, wipe them with a soft towel, gently rubbing them towards the nose. Do not wipe them towards the temples, as it injures their delicate construction. The mechanism of the eye is of the most complicated and wonderful construction, and it is well for every person to fully comprehend it, and then they will be able to take care of it.

The expression of our eyes is a great deal under our own control. To us it gives the power to make them soft, gentle, and loving, or sharp, cross, and ugly, as we cultivate our dispositions; for the eye is the index of the heart, and out of its depths lurk the sweet passions of the soul, or the reverse.

Young people are not always aware of the fact. Yet it is discernable not only to physiognomists, but to all close observers of the human face. We often hear it said, "I do not like the look of his eye," and it frequently determines a man's fortune for better or worse.

DISCOURAGED.

It is so easy to say "Never give up the ship." It is so easy to hold your head up and step firmly, to laugh cheerily, and have a pleasant word for everybody, when safely hedged in from sorrow and poverty by the love of friends and a bottomless purse. When sickness passes by to knock at some other door, when home is the one "sweet, safe corner" in all the world, when there are those who would suffer that you might go free—ah! then it is easy to feel as if nothing could ever make you quite discouraged.

This is a beautiful world, and there are lots of good things in it. Yes, many a son and daughter, a few wives and mothers, and about the same proportion of husbands and fathers, do live more in the shine than in the shadow of life. But there are so many, so many more, who have to buckle on their armor, and spend their best heart's blood in the daily life.

Such bitter trials as men and women do live through! Who can doubt that heaven sends them their fortitude? It cannot be of earth. Such strains of heart and brain as hearts and brains do still bear up under!

Oh! ye, whose paths are in the pleasant places! whose faith was never tried by heaven's seeming disregard of your prayers and tears! who never knew the lack of tender home-love and protection, exult in your happiness, and thank Providence. But while you drink from your cup of life such honey-sweet draughts, give a thought now and then to those whose daily potions savor so strongly of wormwood, and remember that a kindly word and a helping hand, which cost so little, may make lighter the burdens of some one now almost discouraged.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

☞ All communications must be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 107 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Insufficiently stamped MSS. will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

LITTLE ONE.—"The Dollar Newspaper" you speak of has not been published for many years. The other paper which you mention is published in Boston.

COMING EVENT.—"Is the use of the word 'twice' in the following sentence correct: 'I have had a letter from her twice since she left?'" Yes, the use of the word is perfectly correct.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER (Delphi, Ind.)—If you will send us one dollar and your address, we will send you, postpaid, an excellent work on "Cage Birds," published by a well-known bird-fancier of this city.

R. Q. W. (Brazil).—Tanners' Sumach is a shrub, a native of the South of Europe. The leaves are astringent and are used for tanning, and also for dyeing black. The leaves are sold at about forty-five cents a pound by the quantity, in Philadelphia.

SLIPPERS.—All we can say is that you could never teach yourself book-keeping by books alone; it is absolutely necessary to receive instruction from a teacher. To be candid with you, we do not think your hand writing is good enough, and you would have to improve considerably.

INQUIRER.—To make an excellent and a perfectly harmless wash for the hair, take one ounce of borax and half an ounce of camphor. Powder these ingredients finely, and dissolve them in a quart of boiling water. When cool the solution will be ready for use. The camphor will form into lumps, but the water will be sufficiently impregnated.

ROSIE.—"Please tell me something that will whiten my nails." Diluted sulphuric acid, two drachms; tincture of myrrh, one drachm; spring water, four ounces. Mix, and after cleansing your hands and nails with soap, dip the fingers into this wash. When the skin grows down on the nails it should be pushed back either by scissors or by the back of a pen-knife blade. It should never be cut away.

A. O. Y.—No dollars were coined in the U. S. Mint from 1805 to 1838. The dollars of 1804 and of 1796 are very scarce; the rest can be procured at a small premium, if at all rubbed or indented. Half-dollars of 1804 are very rare indeed, also of 1797. None coined from 1798 to 1800. Quarter dollars of 1823 and 1827 very scarce. Cents of 1793, 1799 and 1804 very rare. They were coined yearly from 1793 except in 1815.

R. W. S. (Chicago).—You ought not to blame the young lady so severely for being so sensitive in regard to her parents' commands. A good girl is always obedient to her parents. The more conscientious she is in regard to her filial duties, the more apt will she be to be equally conscientious as to her duties as a wife. We have said before, and now repeat it, that the best daughters are always certain to make the best wives.

LONELY ONE.—Only be natural and unaffected and your real worth and beauty will speedily bring you a proper sort of lover. We feel confident a cheerful girl, with winning manners, even if she be rather plain in her features, is seldom without a lover; but many a cold, proud beauty, tossing her head in high disdain, is passed by, simply because she repels, when in her heart of hearts she would willingly encourage.

CONSTANT READER.—"What is the origin and the meaning of the term, 'York, you're wanted?'" This phrase is a common one among Englishmen, especially on board men-of-war, and the writer has frequently heard it in this country. It is taken from a musical drama by Morton, published in 1816, and entitled "The Slave," where it occurs over and over again. It was frequently heard in Great Britain about 1822, when the Duke of York became insolvent.

GRAMMARIAN.—The reason why in speaking we use the article "a" before words beginning with a consonant, and "an" before words beginning with a vowel, as for instance, a man, a horse, an ox, an eagle, is simply because it is easier to pronounce them, and more pleasant to the ear. If you try to say a ox, a eagle, etc., you will find that it requires considerable effort, especially in speaking rapidly, to pronounce the words distinctly; whereas an ox, an eagle, flow rapidly from the lips.

M. C. H.—The common salutation, "How do you do," does seem an awkward sentence, but the origin of it was much more sensible. "How" pronounced as we pronounce "do," in old English meant "to be able, to thrive or to prosper." The word is still thus used in Scotland, and in some parts of England. "How do you dow," means "How are you thriving? Are you well and able?" Burns uses the word both in the affirmative and negative forms: "He downa see a poor man want," that is he cannot see; and, "As long as I dow," as long as I can.

MILDRED.—"Notre Dame," by which we presume you mean the cathedral of that name in Paris, signifies the church of "Our Lady." This cathedral is a history in itself. On its site a temple existed in the time of the Romans; it was afterwards converted into a church, A. D. 364, and was rebuilt or enlarged about 980. It was reconstructed by King Robert, and gained its present name in the first year of the eleventh century. During the next two hundred years it underwent many improvements, the last being made by the Duke of Burgundy, in expiation of the crime he committed in assassinating the Duke of Orleans.

K. D. S.—Your letter, short as it is, contains so many questions that to answer all would take up at least a column of our paper. We will answer, therefore, just the most important of them, and if you write again please be a little more moderate in your demands. We cannot advise you to marry against the wishes of your parents. You are both so young yet that you can afford to wait for at least a couple of years longer, when it will be quite time enough even then to think seriously of marrying. (2) It is the habit of young people to flash with a little excitement. After a few years, the inconvenience will disappear.

CURIOUS.—"We should be very much obliged if you could give us some idea of the relative size of England, Scotland and Ireland as compared with this country. There is considerable difference of opinion on this subject among some of the young folks, and we have agreed to ask you to decide the matter." Great Britain and Ireland are about as large as New Mexico, but not as large as Iowa and Nebraska. They are less than New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. To be still more accurate, we will give the exact figures: The area of England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland is 120,879 square miles. That of Mexico is 121,201; of Iowa, 55,045; Nebraska, 75,995; New York, 47,000; Pennsylvania, 46,000 and Ohio, 39,964 square miles.

H. S.—You say that you met the young lady but once, and fell so deeply in love with her then and there, that you wrote to her the next day telling her so, and she very naturally and very properly resented your conduct as an affront, and refuses to speak to you any more. We are not surprised at this. If you were able to meet her once, you surely could find another opportunity of seeing her again. Besides, a gentleman who writes a love letter to a lady whom he has seen but once, must, we think, be overcome quite as much by a consciousness of his own attractions as he is by the attractions of her at whose feet he so melo-dramatically flings himself. In fact he is too fast. He is of those who "rush in where angels fear to tread."

D. A. G.—We hope that if you have really been so silly as to take vinegar for the purpose of counteracting a tendency to be corpulent, You will at once discontinue the practice. Vinegar, taken in large quantities, does certainly produce leanness, but it is only by destroying the digestive powers altogether. Medical records contain many cases of the most fatal diseases brought on by this abuse of vinegar, such as cancer of the stomach, for instance.

W. C. P. (York, Ala.)—We believe that the post-mortem examination of the Siamese Twins, Chang and Eng, did not positively determine the question whether the twins were dependent on each other for existence, or whether the ligament that connected them could have been severed during their lifetime without any fatal consequences. The preponderance of opinion, however, seems to have inclined towards the latter theory. A full history of the case, and the result of the autopsy has been published, and if you desire it, we can purchase you a copy of the same. (2) We can also send you "Boyvill's Shorthand," a simplified system of Verbatim Reporting, and by the aid of which you could teach yourself without any instructor. The price of this work is $1.25.

HETTIE.—Unless we knew a little more about your case, and the causes which have brought about such a very serious reverse of fortune on the gentleman to whom you were engaged, as to oblige him to give up all idea of marrying for many years to come, we are not able to advise you what reply you should make to his offer of releasing you from the engagement. It is a delicate matter on which to advise, as a great deal depends upon the degree in which the misfortune may have arisen, from deficiencies in his ability or character. It may be that he is reckless, or stupid, or lazy, or too fond of pleasure to mind his business, and this is what we suspect has been the cause in your case. In such a case, of course, you would be perfectly right in accepting his proposal to put an end to the engagement.

CORA.—We should have replied to your question last week, but we could not at that time find out what you wanted, but we have succeeded at last. The following is the method of making copies of butterflies wings, which you asked us for: Take pure collodion and brush it upon good stout paper; then with a pair of forceps take the wings of the butterfly and brush them also over with collodion. Now place the wings in their natural position on the paper. Both operations should be done quickly, as the collodion dries very rapidly. By the agency of collodion the wings adhere to the paper; but when it is dry, and the wings are removed by forceps from it, the color scales of the butterfly's wings adhere to the paper. The body of the insect can then be drawn in crayon or pencil, and its natural resemblance thus be preserved for any time.

EDNA.—Unless we know what caused your headache it would be impossible for us to give you a remedy for them. The most common varieties of headaches are those which are dependent on, or connected with, derangement of the digestion. Such headaches are common among young persons, and especially young women leading lives of unnatural confinement within doors amid vitiated air. The victims of this form of headache are usually pale and feeble, and are addicted either to sedentary occupations, or to theatres, evening concerts and other dissipations extending far into the night. The cure for such is so evident that it does not need us to point it out, but the practical application of the lesson is often very difficult, owing to the proneness of young people to follow pleasure to the obvious injury of their health. But, as we said, we know nothing of the predisposing cause of your headaches, and would, therefore, recommend your consulting your medical man.

E. J. H.—There is no law that can compel the return of letters when an engagement has been broken off, though we think with you there ought really to be something of the kind, for the retention of letters under such circumstances is unjustifiable. These were written under circumstances which no longer exist; their motive is at an end. They formed a confidential relation which is at an end. The writers wrote them in view of their union for life, but they have now changed their minds, and the confidential relation ceases. Each party should resume possession of written declarations which are withdrawn, just as two parties to an unlawful bargain retain what they would have otherwise have exchanged. Clearly, in our opinion, honor demands that lovers who break off an engagement should receive back every token of their courtship, whether letters or presents. There may be cases where this is painful, and where the desire may exist to preserve some memento of a dead love. But this desire is based on a mistake. It is a sign that the love is not dead, and betokens weakness, or what is worse, a divided affection toward a new object.

S. E. C.—"Is it right for a lady to speak to a gentleman without an introduction, that is when both know the other by sight, and meet nearly every day, though they are not acquainted? For instance, we will say, he is a clerk in a store, and she goes there quite often; is it right to speak when they meet outside in the street without an introduction?" Certainly not; we are surprised at your asking us such a question, and can only attribute it to your not being a constant reader of the Post, for we are sure that none of our constant lady-readers would have thought of doing such a thing, or if they had, they would never have asked us whether it was right or not, as we have more than once before expressed our opinion on this same subject, but always from the gentleman's stand-point. No discreet or well-conducted young lady, who has a proper degree of self-respect, would permit a young gentleman to speak to her without a previous introduction; and if she did, she would scarcely be one whom he would like to court for a wife. (2) No, it is not the lady's place ever to make such a request, even if she be well acquainted; it ought to come from the gentleman.

LILLIE, OF GALVESTON.—You had better leave your hair and eyebrows alone, and not be tampering with them as you have been doing. We can recommend nothing for the purpose you wish. (2) The Nine Muses are said to be sisters, the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, the goddess of memory; their names are Calliope, Clio, Melpomene, Euterpe, Erato, Terpsichore, Urania, Thalia and Polymnia. Calliope was the goddess of epic poetry and eloquence. Her voice was very sweet and beautiful, and for that reason she was named Calliope. This goddess is represented holding a trumpet in her hand, and sometimes a roll of parchment. The renowned Orpheus was her son. Clio presided over history, and is represented with a half-opened roll in her hand. Her name means glory or renown, given her because she celebrates the actions of the noble and brave. Melpomene presided over tragedy, which she is said to have invented. Her name signifies "to celebrate in song." She was represented as being veiled, and holding a mask in her hand. Her musical instrument was the lyre, and she was mother of the famous Syrens. Euterpe was the goddess of music. The name means the "well delighting one." She is usually represented with two flutes in her hand. Erato presided over lyric and tender poetry, and is represented as crowned with roses and myrtles, with a lyre in her hand. To her is ascribed the invention of hymns to the gods. Terpsichore invented and presided over dancing, in which she is said to have taken great delight. Her name means "to delight in the dance." This goddess is represented as a young woman, crowned with laurel, and an instrument of music in her hand. Urania was the goddess of astronomy. She is usually seen holding a globe in one hand, and with the other tracing out some figure with a rod. Thalia, which means "the blooming one," was the goddess of comedy. Some say she also presided over husbandry and farming. Polymnia was the goddess of rhetoric and singing, and was also considered the inventress of harmony. She is represented as being veiled in white, her right hand raised as if to address an audience, and in her left hand a sceptre. Her name is said by some to mean "much singing," by others, "great memory." This comprises all the "Sacred Nine," as they are sometimes called. You have asked us such a string of questions that it is impossible for us to answer all this time, as some of them would take up more space than we can afford to give. Write again some other time.

MISCELLANEOUS.—W. BELL.—The word is pronounced just as it is spelled, the final "e" being mute. PROPRIETY.—Were we you, we should pack all the articles up in a parcel, and send them back without any accompanying letters. L. E. M.—The whole affair is so purely a matter of taste that no rules can be applied to it. A. F.—Marshal MacMahon is a descendant from an Irish family. R. M.—It is quite a matter of taste whether a lady writes on tinted or white note-paper. A. D. F.—You had better pay the money and thereby avoid litigation. It is but a trifle after all. A. M.—When both parties wilfully make false statements, with the full knowledge of each other, as in the case mentioned, the marriage is voidable and can be set aside. HANNAH.—The meaning of your name, which is of Hebrew origin, is "gracious." C. W. R. A.—We always destroy letters after answering them in this column. SARDINES.—Both are equally good trades. (2) "I never drank any," is right, and not "I never drinked any." J. S.—Judging by your letter, your education cannot be so defective as you seem to apprehend. Your writing is by no means bad. T. R.—You might take proceedings if you wished, but the cost would be more than your present loss. DESPERATE.—The only proper method of introduction is by the aid of a mutual friend. When none can be found, the case is one in which it is impossible for us to advise. P. H. L.—Under all the circumstances, we should advise you to marry the lady, notwithstanding that she is older than yourself. W. H. M.—Palpitation of the heart more frequently arises from indigestion than from a disease of the organ itself.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*